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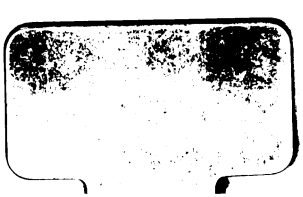

MEMOIR OF

WILLIAM FECKMAN.

Your most Affectionate Friend

William Beckman

MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM FECKMAN,

AN

Earnest and Successful Evangelist.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE VANCE.

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PREFACE.

THE publication of this little work has been too long delayed, for which I cannot assign any satisfactory reason.

I admit the force of a surmise expressed by some who take an interest in the subject: that the delay is likely to operate against its circulation, and of course involve pecuniary risk. I have an impression, however, that it possesses a value beyond that of gratifying the wish of many who knew and prized the man. A very remarkable conversion, and an eminently useful life, ought to attract notice; but in addition to a record of these, there is a selection of letters, which could only have emanated from a Christian of wide and deep experience, and privileged with close communion with God. The transcribing them has been instrumental of great spiritual profit to myself.

I must express my indebtedness to my valued friend Rev. J. D. Powell, who com-

mitted to me a considerable quantity of material. Had it occurred to me that his mind was so much occupied with the subject, I would have handed over to him what was in my possession, with a conviction that the task undertaken would be more efficiently, I will not say more lovingly accomplished.

To the Rev. G. R. Wedgwood I forwarded some reminiscences of Mr. Feckman, of which he made some use in those interesting papers, which appeared some time ago in the *Irish Christian Advocate*, entitled "History of Methodism on the Bandon Circuit." In return I have availed myself of his labours.

Mr. Alexander Elliott, of Ballinasloe, may see how largely I have used the graphic and seasonable paper which he kindly forwarded in response to my request.

G. V.

TRAMORE,
2nd May, 1885.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

EARLY LIFE 1

CHAPTER II

CONVERSION, WITH NOTICES OF SEVERAL WHO WERE HELPFUL TO HIM IN THE OUTSET OF HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE . . . 6

CHAPTER III

COMMENCES A LIFE OF CHRISTIAN LABOUR AND USEFULNESS 15

CHAPTER IV.

PROMINENT TRAITS OF CHARACTER AND LABOURS 26

CHAPTER V.

SPECIMENS OF HIS SERMONS AND ADDRESSES . 44

CHAPTER VI.

PAGE

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY, AND FROM NOTES OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE 57

LETTERS.

I. TO A YOUNG PERSON 62
II. DITTO 64
III. PERSONAL EXPERIENCE 72
IV. ON CHRISTIAN PERFECTION . . . 75
V. SAME SUBJECT 80
VI. CORRECTING SOME MISTAKES . . . 85
VII. TO A BACKSLIDER 87
VIII. TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE 92
IX. TO ONE IN AFFLICTION 94
X. ON THE SAME SUBJECT , . . . 96
XI. A WARNING 98
XII. TO ONE OF HIS HOSTS 99
XIII. TO A COUPLE WHO HAD ENTERTAINED HIM 100
XIV. TO MRS. MARY ATKINS, DUNMANWAY . 101
XV. ON THE CARE THAT SHOULD BE TAKEN OF YOUNG CONVERTS 106
A PASTORAL TO THE SOCIETY AT BALLINEEN 108
THE CLOSING SCENE 121

Memoir of William Peckman.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

RESPECTING the parentage and childhood of this remarkable man, little is known. It has been generally thought that he was a native of the county Wexford, but there is good reason for believing that he was born and spent his boyhood in the city of Cork, and that his father, whose name is unusual, died while his son was in his childhood. He was heard to speak of three sevens being in the year of his birth, which would fix 1777 as the date. He must have been a boy of sixteen or seventeen years of age, and probably put to learn a trade, when information reached his mother that an estate in the county Wexford owned by an uncle of hers, a Mr. Gamble, worth about £700 a year, was declared to be her property. It had been by will left to an only sister, and her heirs; she did not survive her

brother, and an only daughter, with whose history the writer is not acquainted farther than that she was married to John Feckman, became the possessor. William and one sister were her only children. While somewhat brusque in manner, the subject of this memoir was ever the gentleman in every sense of the word, but did not impress one with having received in early life a superior education. It is known, however, that he was some time, it may be inferred after becoming heir, placed at a boarding school kept by a clergyman at Rosscarberry. Whatever may have been the discipline of the school, the probability is that young Feckman indulged himself considerably in the gaieties of the place. For notwithstanding the celebrity of Rosscarberry as an ancient seat of learning and sanctity, its reputation must have considerably declined. The late Rev. Thomas Toye, of Belfast, who was a native of Clonakilty, and took a lively interest always in the religious character and condition of that vicinity, on one occasion late in life made inquiry of the writer respecting the labours of Methodism in that part of the county of Cork. When it was mentioned that services were regularly held in Rosscarberry he remarked in reply, "Well, if any good shall be the result, I will be glad, for in my early days, I heard an old excise officer who resided there say that wherever the devil spent his day, he was sure to spend the night in Ross."

Respecting his early history, Mr. Feckman was

always reticent. It was seldom referred to, except to remark upon the wild life that he led in his youth. At what time he went to live upon his newly acquired property, which was situated between Enniscorthy and Blackstairs Mountain, has not been ascertained. It may be conjectured that it was after the Rebellion of 1798, which terribly affected that portion of the county Wexford. Had he resided there during the terrific period referred to, it would be difficult to imagine how he could have been silent respecting the scenes of cruelty and bloodshed that he must have witnessed. On taking up his residence in the county Wexford, his sister for a while kept house for him, but it was not long until he contracted a marriage. It does not appear to have been a judicious proceeding, and the results were far from being satisfactory. It was brought about in the following way. The estate was not only heavily encumbered, but litigation had to be resorted to for its recovery. The solicitor who was employed, whose name was Harris, died shortly after he had succeeded in the undertaking. He left a widow who could not be pronounced as young, for there were five sons, one or two of whom had arrived at years of manhood. Whether out of sympathy for the widow, or influenced by a large bill of costs against the estate, young Feckman got married to this lady, and not long after the eldest stepson, an officer of the army, married the sister of his

stepfather, and all the party settled down upon the property, and, it may be presumed, lived at an expensive rate.

Feckman himself coming suddenly and, it may be, unexpectedly into the possession of considerable property, and being of an impulsive disposition, gave way to the spirit of the times, hunted, caroused, and played at cards. He was heard to say that if the horse on which he rode when hunting got into a bog, and could not speedily rise, he would jump out of the saddle, and leave the poor animal to perish or find the way out as it best could. In those days the social habits so graphically described, and with a relish not to be commended, by Sir Jonah Barrington, in his "Personal Recollections," were of the most unrestrained kind, and Feckman was not behind in doing the honours of the table. Not unfrequently, when one or other of the guests would remark, "Feckman, this whiskey of yours is very strong," he would point to the water jug, unknown to them containing the intoxicating stuff, and hint how they might weaken the draught, this process generally leading to the company becoming helplessly prostrate upon the floor, or under the table. The exception might be the host himself, who was a man of powerful nerve and resolution. When referring to these scenes, and stating that for many years he never went to bed sober, he never did it as making a parade of his former vicious habits, but in subdued tones,

and with tears bedewing his face, and to prove the force and truthfulness of the lines, often quoted by him,

> "Jesus sought me when a stranger,
> Wandering from the fold of God;
> He, to rescue me from danger,
> Interposed His precious blood."

While pursuing this reckless course he became the victim of what has proved the ruin of many superior to him in worldly sagacity and business habits—a mining speculation. He was not long in the possession of the estate when a tenant discovered a bit of lead ore, and on a search being made, found some more; and hope was entertained that there might be silver. Steps were immediately taken to form a company. Machinery was obtained, a shaft sunk, and a chimney erected, part of which is to be seen at Kaime to this day. The scarcity of the ore, the great expense incurred, together with bad management, led to failure. The property, heavily encumbered when he got it, with a large amount in addition expended on its recovery, became hopelessly embarrassed, and the owner, who was the chief sufferer, was committed for some months to the Marshalsea prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION, WITH NOTICES OF SEVERAL WHO WERE HELPFUL TO HIM IN THE OUTSET OF HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE.

THERE is considerable variety in the history of conversions. Some who are brought up in the fear of God, favoured with a faithful Gospel ministry, and accustomed to the reading of the Scriptures, may become the subjects of converting grace before they are well able to define the nature of conversion. And others in early youth are led at some happy crisis to make a surrender of themselves to Christ without much incident or excitement. On the other hand, there are some who have lived fast lives, or, without having been flagrantly wicked, have been sadly careless on the subject of salvation; these, especially if they possess unusual determination of character, are often suddenly arrested, and only yield to the claims of their Redeemer under strong convictions and powerful emotion. And, moreover, there may be instances—the biography of the Church presents

not a few such—in which on the part of God, and especially when the subjects of it are chosen instruments of future usefulness, there is a putting forth of sovereign grace in bringing about conversions. The subject of this memoir furnishes an illustration of this class. Mr. Alexander Elliott, of Ballinasloe, to whom I am indebted for some graphic descriptions of this remarkable man, gives an account of the wonderful change effected as described by Mr. Feckman himself. "The first Sabbath," says Mr. Elliott, "in which he appeared in the Ballinasloe Methodist Chapel, was in 1845. Mr. McGarvey preached, and then called on Mr. Feckman to conduct the lovefeast. The appearance of the stranger was most impressive. He must have been about sixty years of age, of middle height but very stout, his face nearly as brown as a mahogany board, his hair white as flax, and cut evenly round his forehead, the coat a dark blue, vest and trousers much the same. When he got behind the reading desk, every eye was fixed upon him. The first thing he did was to take his spectacles out of the case, and keep beating them in quite a musical fashion against the top of the desk; this he continued for about twenty seconds, causing every one to look on with surprise. Having secured the attention of the congregation, he commenced in his inimitable style to relate his experience. In a few minutes he had the audience electrified, and probably there was not a dry eye in the chapel. He spoke to the follow-

ing effect: 'For about sixteen years, I never went to bed sober. I was all that time faithfully serving the devil; constantly enjoying the society of drunken companions, hunting, gambling, swearing, and indulging in all manner of evil. But the Lord followed me, and by His Holy Spirit convinced me of my lost and ruined condition, yet still I went on and on in sin, and was in a most wretched and miserable state of mind. I strove, but was conquered, and all my resolutions to do right were as "a morning cloud, and as the early dew." In this state I continued till one morning when out in a field where I had some men at work an overwhelming influence seized me. I threw myself upon a heap of hay and prayed that God would have mercy upon me. It was impressed upon me to go into my house, and there continue to wrestle in private for the pardon I needed. I at once left the field, got into the house, and locked the parlour door, and there fell upon my knees, and pleaded and wrestled with God for about two hours, and was leaving the room in despair, when I felt it, as whispered to me, "You have not asked for the sake of Jesus." I again fell on my knees, and cried, "O Lord, for the sake of Thy Son Jesus Christ, who died for my sins, have mercy upon me." In that moment my chains fell off, the glory of the Lord filled my soul, and the Holy Spirit bore His testimony that my sins were forgiven.' When he got this far floods of tears were running down his cheeks,

and the effect produced upon the meeting can be better imagined than described. He continued: 'I now love the Lord with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength.'"

One of the first things that he did after his conversion was to go into Enniscorthy, and call at a stationer's shop kept by a Methodist to inquire for a hymnbook. There is no evidence of his having had any acquaintance with Methodism previously, more than to be aware that preachers of that denomination were in the habit of proclaiming the Gospel of a free and present salvation in fairs and markets. Of this he could not but have heard, if not witnessed. For it is a remarkable and noteworthy fact that in the towns of Enniscorthy and Wexford, and their vicinities, where such dreadful scenes of rapine and massacre had been enacted during the miserable Rebellion of 1798, there followed the missionary labours of Ouseley, Graham, and others which were blessedly acknowledged in the conversion not only of many Protestants, but of Romanists.* The warm instincts of a renewed nature led him to seek association with those who believed in conversion, a rare thing in those days, and among whom was preached a free and a present salvation. On a Sunday shortly after the great change had taken place upon him, he mounted his

* See "The Apostle of Kerry," p. 146; *Methodist Magazine*, 1806, p. 90.

horse and rode into Wexford, a distance of fifteen miles, and found his way to the Methodist chapel. It was a military gentleman, Captain John Hawtrey, who occupied the pulpit on that occasion. It was announced that there would be a class meeting at the close of the service. It was in Mr. Feckman's heart to remain, for he had something to tell, but he left. Mrs. Hawtrey, who had been impressed with the earnest and attentive demeanour of the stranger, remarked to her husband, "I think that gentleman who was at the service would come to the class meeting if you invited him." Captain Hawtrey followed him, and gave him a cordial invitation to return. He did so, and when it came to his turn to speak, instead of standing up, as was the custom, to relate his experience, he dropped upon his knees, and told the Lord what a sinner he had been, and how Christ had "plucked him as a brand out of the fire." This was his first meeting in class, memorable to himself, and doubtless so to some others. And here it may be remarked how devotedly attached to class meeting he was to the latest period of his life.

The influence of Methodism upon the British army would fill a volume, and many interesting cases and thrilling incidents could be furnished from the history of Methodism in Ireland. Respecting Captain Hawtrey, it is mentioned by the late lamented Rev. Dr. W. G. Campbell, in his "Apostle of Kerry," that he was converted through the

instrumentality of the street preaching of Rev. Charles Graham; where or when is not said. In some account of him in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for 1871, his conversion is ascribed to the preaching of Rev. Gustavus Armstrong. But as conversions often take place through a varied instrumentality, it is very probable that both may have been honoured by God in the conversion of Captain Hawtrey. In the memoir of the Rev. Adam Averell, under date of 12th February, 1810, we have the following: "Preached to a large congregation in Enniscorthy, where is now a blessed work of God. In the morning, we had a powerful sermon from Captain Hawtrey, an English officer who has settled near Wexford. He has been lately converted to God, is full of zeal, and has been instrumental of much good throughout this country." There is also to be found in the *Sunday at Home* for 1877, in a set of papers entitled "Personal Adventures of a Young Officer, etc.," a very pleasing account of Captain Hawtrey being instrumental in the conversion of several gentlemen of the army, brothers, to whom he was related by marriage, named Watson, sons of Colonel Watson, who was killed at the battle of the "Three Rocks," in the vicinity of Wexford, during the terrible Rebellion of 1798.*

* For some more information respecting this Watson family and Captain Hawtrey's relation to them, see *Methodist Magazine*, Dublin Edition, 1813.

There were sisters of this family who not less deserve mention, one of whom was married to Captain Hawtrey, another to one of the sons of Michael McCormick, Esq., who had been in the military service, and whose heroic conduct in the battle of New Ross, where he resided, saved the town from falling a prey when an attack was made against it in June, 1798, by a horde of bloodthirsty rebels. The descendants of this gallant loyalist and his excellent wife have worthily adhered to Methodism, and have been highly esteemed in New Ross.

Captain Hawtrey removed from Wexford, probably about the year 1814, to Maryborough or Abbeyleix, and subsequently to Exeter, of which city his father was Recorder. Although having a wife and family, he was admitted into the Wesleyan ministry, in which he occupied himself several years, part of the time as a missionary in France. From whatever cause, probably on account of his family connections, all of whom belonged to the Establishment, he entered the Episcopal Church, but never lost his regard for Methodism. This he testified at Exeter Hall missionary meetings, and in his intercourse with private friends. Dr. Etheridge, in his "Life of Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke," says, referring to the Rev. John Hawtrey: "This distinguished servant of Christ was originally an officer in the army, and had served in the Peninsula under Lord Wellington. Converted to God, he became a

Methodist minister, and laboured many years in connection with the Conference, honoured, and admired wherever he was known, as a man of noble exterior, a Christian gentleman, and an eloquent and powerful expositor of the Gospel." My esteemed friend Dr. William Crook, who possesses such a wealth of Methodist literature, has let me have a sermon of Captain Hawtrey's entitled "The Altogether Christian," preached in Guernsey on behalf of Methodist missions in 1819, and published by request, which would bear out fully the testimonies given above respecting his pulpit ministrations.

Several of the preachers stationed on the then recently formed Newtownbarry circuit and neighbouring circuits were often mentioned by Mr. Feckman as among his earliest Methodist acquaintances, and useful to him: John Wilson, John Rogers, Robert Banks, John Hadden, Michael Murphy, and Andrew Taylor. None of these appear to have possessed so great an influence over him as the last mentioned. He was a native of the county Wexford, and had a narrow escape, as had also a namesake and perhaps a relative, George Taylor, a local preacher, from falling a victim to the intolerant fury of the rebels in 1798. The Rev. William Reilly in his memorial of the Rev. Gideon Ouseley furnishes the following brief narrative of the occurrence as related by himself: "Andrew Taylor was brought before the Inquisitorial Court

at Wexford. The usual interrogatories were put: 'What are you?' etc. 'I knew,' said Mr. Taylor, 'if I had said, "I am a Protestant," that would have been bad enough; to have said, "I am a Methodist," would be worse; but to have said, "I am a Methodist preacher," would be worst of all;' but raising himself up in calm defiance of the ruffian host, he boldly exclaimed, 'I am a Methodist preacher,' not knowing but the next hour would be his last. Strange to say, they seemed by his intrepid avowal impressed with awe; one of them interposed; and he escaped unhurt. Many years afterwards he preached the Gospel throughout that country with wonderful success." Andrew Taylor, though not acquainted with the Irish language, was a most efficient missionary in several parts of his native country. He retired from the active work in 1831. A few years afterwards he emigrated with his family to Canada, where he died in 1841.

CHAPTER III.

COMMENCES A LIFE OF CHRISTIAN LABOUR AND USEFULNESS.

BEING a man of impulsive and most determined character, it could not be expected that he would long remain passive after his conversion. His cry was, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" It occupied his waking and sleeping thoughts. He was not long without an answer. It came in a dream; he had a vision of a church, into which he entered, and there he met with Christ, who graciously accosted him, and gave him a commission to preach the Gospel to perishing sinners. He "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," he regarded this in the light of an ordination, and never was minister upon whom the hands of bishop or presbytery were ever laid more faithful to the trust committed to him than was William Feckman from that hour till the time of his death, a period embracing upwards of half a century.

For an account of his labours in the county

Wexford, we are indebted to the late Mr. Edward Rigley, a native of Enniscorthy, and who for many years was usefully employed on the London City Mission. When a boy at school in Enniscorthy, his mother became engaged as housekeeper with the Feckman family at Kaime. He was in the habit of visiting there on every Saturday evening, and remaining over the Sunday. Young Rigley, as we learn from Rev. William Arthur's "Life of Gideon Ouseley," was known as a singer,* and the Feckmans, consisting of father and mother and three daughters, availed themselves of these visits to practise the singing of hymns. Those commencing with "A charge to keep I have," "Grace, 'tis a charming sound," "Ye ransomed sinners, hear," "In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone," and "Our souls, by love together knit," were among their favourites.

In attending the parish church, which was distant a couple of miles, "we used," says Mr. Rigley, "to make the roads and fields echo with singing, and the Romanists, on their way to mass, often lingered to listen most respectfully." Mr. Feckman seized this opportunity for speaking to people, and sometimes, perhaps, with more zeal than discretion when he noticed extravagance of dress displayed by the farmers' daughters. The Saturday evenings from two o'clock till eight or

* "Life of Gideon Ouseley," by William Arthur, p. 183.

nine were spent in visiting the farmhouses within a circle of several miles, accompanied by young Rigley, who undertook the singing part of the work, addressing congregations varying from five to twenty persons. This effort was carried out not only on Saturday, but on Sunday evenings, in the vicinity of Kaime, and in a locality about half-way between Newtownbarry and Carnew, where Mr. Feckman resided for a couple of years. Sometimes he preached in the chapels throughout the Newtownbarry circuit. Mr. Rigley describes his dress when he first heard him preach in the chapel of Enniscorthy. He wore a blue dress coat, with gilt buttons, drab trousers, and long gaiters. In 1815 a remarkable revival took place under the ministry of Rev. Andrew Taylor (who might well be designated the Apostle of Wexford) at Ballycanew and its neighbourhood. Several who afterwards entered the ministry, among them the greatly esteemed Fossey Tackerberry, were converted then. Mr. Feckman took part, and would be in his element in these services, and sometimes referred to them as times of refreshing, and helpful to himself.

It was towards the close of 1817 that Mr. Feckman left Co. Wexford to take up his residence in Co. Cork. This step was probably taken on account of pecuniary embarrassment, as he had surrendered his property into the hands of his creditors. Mrs. Feckman, who had an annuity of

£100 a year settled upon her, removed with her daughters and sister-in-law into Enniscorthy, where they were the subjects of much affliction and bereavement, the daughters having died there. After two or three years Mrs. Feckman and Mrs. Harris were induced to remove to the city of Cork, where they received much attention and sympathy from a relative. Mrs. Feckman did not long survive the period of this removal.

Mr. Feckman appears from the time he left Co. Wexford to have given himself entirely up to the work of a home missionary. Whether it was possible by any patient and skilfully directed effort to have recovered the property or part of it must remain in doubt. He was ever most reticent on the subject, and those who were best acquainted with him were under the impression that it would be nothing short of an intrusion to venture an inquiry. One thing did not admit of any doubt: his having taken up a resolution to devote his entire time and his energy to be the instrument of bringing souls to Christ, and trust a kind Providence for his support. It may be fitting to remark here that Mr. Feckman possessed great independence of mind. He was far removed from a disposition to give expression to any feeling of temporal want. He was neat in his person; he invariably dressed in a blue or black suit, with a white necktie. When a suit became well worn a stratagem was required to replace it with a new one. The new

suit would be prepared, and a member of the family with whom he might be sojourning at the time would steal into his room when they could find him asleep, and substitute the new for the old. To present him with aid in any form required delicacy even by those who knew him best, and whom he respected.

In taking up his residence in the county Cork, it would appear he commenced his evangelistic labours in Clonakilty. He may have been drawn there from the fact of his having spent some portion of his school days in that neighbourhood. When but a short time there, and making it evident that his business was to try to bring sinners to Christ, it was remarked to him by a medical gentleman who worshipped with the Methodists that if he was determined to labour where his efforts were most needed, a sentiment quite in accordance with John Wesley's suggestion, "there," he said, "is Ballineen, a little hell upon earth, where Methodist ministers of the first distinction, among them Samuel Wood and Gustavus Armstrong and Thomas Waugh, have preached without much or any fruit." Thither Mr. Feckman hastened, and soon attracted a congregation, and ere long his ministry resulted in the conversion of many souls. Some of these were of a remarkable class, one so much so as to suggest a detailed notice, that of George Damery. He was a native of the village, and in early life was the subject of converting grace. This, however, was not

cultivated; he fell away, and became careless and wicked. When he arrived at manhood he enlisted in the army, and served with Wellington through the whole of the Peninsular war. He encountered many dangers, and often narrowly escaped death, and was never without twitchings of conscience telling him that he was not prepared to die. He did not pass through scathless. The occurrence he used to relate as follows :—

"Once on the eve of a battle I had a dream that I lost an arm; this dream returned to me four times during the night. Next morning I was ordered on guard, where there would be little danger, but an old soldier asked me to exchange places with him; to this I consented, rather liking the excitement of a battle scene. During the fight two shots took effect in one of my arms. I was removed to hospital, and had to undergo amputation. I was reminded of my dream, and was reminded, too, of many broken vows made in seasons of danger that if God would preserve me, I would serve Him in time to come." This event brought Damery's military career to a close. He returned to his native village, but more under power of evil passions than of good resolutions, addicted to drunkenness, and while under its influence the terror of all, old and young, in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Feckman was but a short time engaged in his efforts in the village when an old woman bearing the name of a Methodist invited Damery to

attend the services, and aroused his curiosity by telling him that a half-pay officer was to preach. It was believed, and probably with good reason, that Mr. Feckman had been a captain in the militia. Damery, who, notwithstanding his long disregard of religion, never lost his respect for the consistency of religious professors, gave a characteristic reply. "I would not go," he said, "on your invitation, for I see your Methodism has no good effect upon your life; but, as one who has worn his Majesty's cloth is to preach, I will go and hear him." He went, and hid himself in a corner of the room, but one of those home thrusts for which Mr. Feckman's prayers and preaching were remarkable led him to feel that he was detected. "Lord, have mercy," was an utterance in the opening prayer, "upon that blasphemer behind the door."

The sequel of that night's services may be given in Damery's own words: "It was not the terrors of damnation which the vivid imagination of the exhorter pictured forth, the wailing of the lost soul, that affected me. No, I have stood the blaze of battle with unconcern. But, oh! to be told of the Saviour's dying love and of my black, dark ingratitude! This filled my mind with an agony words cannot express. I never in my life suffered more than I did that night." The following evening he again attended, but without finding relief; as expressed by himself, "it was still worse." The experience of his next visit he shall himself relate:

"The third evening I hid myself where I thought no one saw me, but still Mr. Feckman's eye was fixed on me. Every word was directed to me. He brought the whole artillery of the Gospel to bear on me. I was determined to bear it no longer, so I waited till after the meeting, when I went to him, and the following conversation occurred:—

"*Damery.* 'I wish to know, sir, who has been telling you all about me.'

"*Mr. Feckman.* 'I assure you no one has spoken to me about you.'

"*Damery.* 'How, then, sir, could you tell sins which I committed hundreds of miles from this place?'

"*Mr. Feckman.* 'I have no way of knowing but from my own experience.'

"*Damery.* 'Then there are others who have been like me, and yet have found mercy. There is great encouragement for me in this.'

"*Mr. Feckman.* 'I am forming a class for persons seeking the way to heaven. Let me put your name down as a member of it.'

"*Damery.* 'No, sir, I never will while I remain in my present condition. I am determined not to bring disgrace on the Society, as I see others doing.'

"*Mr. Feckman.* 'You will continue to attend these services?'

"*Damery.* 'I will, sir.'

"And I attended them all for the space of a

month while he remained, suffering an agony of mind far worse than all the sufferings of war. 'The spirit of a man can bear his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?'"

At length George came one evening in the deepest anguish of soul, and making his way to the fireplace, stowed away as much of his body as he could manage to get into the recess, and there remained weeping and groaning until he had almost given up all hope. He was stripped of every plea. Then it pleased the Lord to reveal Himself, and the sinner "Sank into the purple flood"—and "Rose into the life of God."

His burden was removed; and, filled with praise, he came forth from his corner, testified to all present what the Lord had done for him, and then, turning to Mr. Feckman, said, "Now, sir, you may put my name on the paper."

From that day, George Damery gave evidence not admitting of any doubt of the reality of the change which had passed upon him. Debts which he had contracted while living in sin he contrived by great self-denial out of a small pension to discharge. He set himself to learn to read, and purchased in parts Adam Clarke's Commentary when it was at a much higher price than what it can be obtained for at present. He became a useful prayer leader and class leader. The closing years of his life were spent in Dunmanway, where he continued to "adorn the doctrine of God our

Saviour in all things." He died triumphantly while Mr. Feckman, whom he greatly venerated, was sitting by his bedside.

Another convert of this period was William Gibson. This young man was prominent in village sports and rioting, and on the first evening of Mr. Feckman being there, was engaged in beating the drum for a "show" party. He too was attracted to the services, and soon was brought to decide for Christ. He also became a class leader, and to the end lived a consistent and useful life.

During that memorable season of revival many happy conversions took place, among them one or two more, most worthy of being recorded: Mr. Francis Daunt, who for many years was the patriarch of Methodism in Ballineen, acting as steward and class leader, and with his excellent wife, who was like-minded in caring for the interests of Methodism, hospitably entertaining the ministers and local preachers at all times; also his brother Mr. William Daunt, who still lives, respected by all who know him, and who worthily fills the place of the departed.

With the exception of several visits to Roscrea, Nenagh, Cloughjordan, and other places in Co. Tipperary, to Ballinasloe and parts of Co. Galway, and to Limerick Circuit, and portions of Kerry, where he sometimes went at the urgent solicitation of friends, and occasionally to supply the place of preachers laid aside by affliction, Mr. Feckman's labours were confined to the county of

Cork, and chiefly to that portion of it comprised at present in the Bandon, Kinsale, Clonakilty, Dunmanway, and Skibbereen Circuits. It would be no exaggeration to assert that within these bounds, and to their utmost extent, there is not a town, village, hamlet, or Protestant farmstead where Mr. Feckman's name is not a household word. His gentlemanly manner and fine catholic spirit gave him access to the best families, while he made himself perfectly at home with the very poorest. It would not be too much to say that hundreds were converted through his instrumentality, and multitudes benefited by his ministry. The testimony borne to his worth at the meeting on behalf of the Jubilee Fund held in Skibbereen in 1864 by James Hutchinson Swanton, Esq., J.P., when among other items in his liberal subscription there was "As a token of deep gratitude and regard for Mr. Feckman, *truly an Irish missionary*," would be echoed by very many throughout the west of the county Cork.

CHAPTER IV.

PROMINENT TRAITS OF CHARACTER AND LABOURS.

NO one will be surprised at the high estimate of Mr. Feckman's ministry when we mention some of the prominent traits of his character and labours.

His personal piety was of the most decided and exemplary kind. If he urged upon believers the necessity and importance of entire sanctification, it might be said truly that he lived it. If it be defined as "loving the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself," it would be difficult to find any one in whose life it was more uniformly displayed than it was in his. It might indeed be said of him that he was a man of one Book. With the exception of Wesley's Sermons or a volume of Fletcher's works, and occasionally a look into a Methodist magazine, he rarely read anything but the Scriptures. Politics and the ordinary affairs of life seemed to have no interest for him. His habit was to rise about four o'clock every morning and spend several hours in

the reading of the Scriptures and in prayer. Prayer might well be said to have been his "vital breath," and often he was known to get out of bed at night, and taking a heavy cloak that was his constant companion in his journeys, wrap himself up in it and engage in prayer. He had fixed seasons for intercession, when many whose names were enrolled on lists kept for that purpose were presented at the throne of grace. I have known some of these who cherished the grateful thought that they were so remembered by this man of God.

Often in making journeys, which were generally performed on foot, he would turn into some lonely field, and there, behind a hedge in some quiet nook, enjoy his "sweet hour of prayer." A friend, who with another, on one occasion, were his companions in a walk from Bandon to Kinsale, mentioned the following incident. At a certain point he accosted them: "Brethren, are you hungry? Come and let us have 'a snack.'" They thought he had furnished himself with some refreshment for the journey, but the proposition was to turn into a field and join in prayer. They better understood him when at a further stage he said, "Brethren, are you thirsty?"

Although his intention was when alone in these exercises to "pray to his Father in secret," he did not always escape observation. He was heard to relate that on one occasion, travelling somewhere in the county Tipperary, he went into a quarry a

little way off from the road to wait upon God. While there a vile fellow, who, it may be presumed, never prayed himself, observed him kneeling, and hurled a large stone from the top. Had it struck him, it might have proved a serious matter, if not fatal, but providentially it fell harmless by his side. Mr. Feckman, raising his eyes, saw the miscreant looking down at him. He called out in an authoritative tone, which he could well do, "Stop." The fellow, as if rivèted to the spot, remained there till he was reached by the man whom he intended to injure. A conversation took place, and Mr. Feckman prayed with him before they parted. The result who can tell? "The day shall declare it."

He was remarkable for self-denial. Such was the love and esteem in which he was held, he could have had a comfortable home in every town and village where he was known, but his zeal and passion for saving souls often led him to remote places seldom or never visited by ministers of any kind, where there was but poor accommodation and very humble fare. A poor man, who had received spiritual benefit through his instrumentality, said on one occasion to him, "I wish I had a place to entertain you." The reply was, "If you can give me potatoes and milk, and there are sinners in your neighbourhood, I will gladly go." His self-denial, coupled with what was a prominent trait in his character, viz., great independence of

mind and watchfulness to give as little trouble as possible, was often displayed in the manner in which he would shift his spheres of labour. Moving from one place to another did not appear to have been the result of any carefully arranged plan either by himself, or in consultation with others, but was probably the result of impressions received in prayer. If made aware of his intention to leave, not a few of those who were but too glad to entertain him, and would be reluctant to part with him, could make arrangements to forward him in his journey. But from whatever cause, to be saved the pain and formality of parting, or a disinclination to give trouble, or with the desire to be alone, he would contrive to leave in the middle of the night, or early in the morning before any of the family would be stirring, and after a journey of ten, or fifteen, or perhaps twenty miles along the road, or over some mountain, he would announce himself as ready for breakfast at the house of some friend in village or farmstead. My esteemed friend Rev. J. D. Powell, who during the first two years of his ministry in this country had the opportunity given him of becoming acquainted with many of the scenes of Mr. Feckman's labours on the Skibbereen Circuit, confirms what has been above referred to. He remarks: "In some of the wild districts of the south, where poor Protestants were sadly exposed to the subtle influences of Romanism, and where, in fact, Protestantism might have become extinct but

for the labours of Mr. Feckman, his name was a household word, and as ointment poured forth. If he were long absent from a place he had once visited, as was the case in the western part of the county Cork when I first became acquainted with it in 1853-4, one of the first questions would be somewhat like this: 'Why then, now, sir, could you tell me where Mr. Feckman is now?' Often was I perplexed with the question, not knowing immediately who or what Mr. Feckman could be. However, some light would be thrown on the subject, for in reply to the inquiry who he was, it would be responded: 'Ah, then, it is he that was the good man, sure enough. He came to us when there was neither minister nor preacher to visit us, and it is he that would delight to come to us, and on coming in, would put down his great oak stick in the corner, and would say, "Mind you take care of that horse, and give him a good feed of oats, William, or Richard," as the case might be.' And so a whole dialogue would follow that had passed between him and the members of the family, never forgetting to tell of his habit of stroking his head with both hands (which he frequently did when exhorting). They remembered his words and phrases distinctly, and often would one hear from them where the meeting was held in which they were first impressed with Divine truth, and what the words which first arrested their attention."

Arrived at a place, he would give himself but

little rest until he would start out, and visit from house to house, and when meeting people in street or road or field, he would accost strangers in some such form as "Come and hear a man preach who was twice born," or "Come and listen to a man who was raised from the dead." It is not told that he would go the length reported of Gideon Ouseley, who on making an announcement would add, "And I am the man myself."

Often with preachers to whom he became attached, such as the late William Crook, Robert Bruce, John Saul, William Starkey, George Grant, and others, he would take a fortnight's round of the country parts of a circuit, and take charge of a prayer meeting after the preaching service. His *forte* lay in exhortation, a mode of address that, and not for the best, has fallen very much into disuse. He would with great fervency use some such language as the following, which the writer has heard him utter: "If the Lord Jesus Christ were now to come and pass through the congregation, and divide you to the right hand and to the left, where would the majority of you be? That is the question! When the hour of death comes, and conscience heaping upon your poor souls all the sins you ever committed, what will you do? All the Sabbaths broken, all the lies you told, all the oaths that escaped your lips; sinners, what will you do then? You will be saying to death, 'I am not prepared to go.' Death will say, 'I don't know

whether you are or not; I have nothing to do with that; I have a work, a commission to fulfil, and that I must perform.' Oh! sinner, you don't know how soon death will seize upon you." And then followed an anecdote of a man who once boasted of his strength and his hope of living long, when death took hold upon him in a few hours subsequently. But one would require to see him with his manly, robust presence, his powerful emotion, and intense earnestness when addressing sinners to be able to understand the power he wielded over an audience.

He seldom preached—and it was difficult to prevail upon him to attempt it—in a town pulpit or in the presence of a preacher. The following scene described by Mr. Elliott occurred in Ballinasloe in 1845, when the late Rev. William McGarvey was stationed on that mission. Mr. McGarvey having to renew quarterly tickets in a place some distance from the town, arranged with Mr. Feckman to commence the service, promising to be back in time to preach. "While Mr. Feckman was engaged in conducting the opening prayer, with his eyes, as usual, fast closed, Mr. McGarvey not only got into the chapel, but noiselessly had reached the seat in the pulpit. When prayer had concluded Mr. Feckman with his keen pair of eyes searched every seat in the house to find Mr. McGarvey, but in vain. There was no alternative but to give out a lengthy hymn. Still there was no appearance of the

preacher. Driven to the task, as he apprehended, of preaching, before giving out his text he addressed the congregation thus: 'My friends, I had no more idea of addressing you this evening than of entering out of time into eternity. Mr. McGarvey agreed that if I would begin the service with singing and prayer, he would be here in time to preach. Man may disappoint us, but the Lord will not disappoint.' After rubbing down his head and face with both hands, he announced as his subject Isaiah xii. 1: 'And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away and Thou comfortedst me,' and proceeded: 'The prophet is here evidently looking forward to the Gospel dispensation, and the text naturally divides itself into two parts: man under a sense of God's anger and his joy when that anger is turned away.' Just at this point he put his hand into one and another pocket to find his handkerchief, but it was not to be had. He then turned round to look on the seat behind the pulpit, and there he saw Mr. McGarvey. Without saying a word, or waiting for one of explanation, he hurried down the pulpit stairs, Mr. McGarvey calling to him, 'Mr. Feckman! Mr. Feckman!' and he, without slackening his speed, replying, 'No, sir—no, sir,' till he reached one of the seats in the body of the chapel. It was trying enough upon the risible faculties of the congregation, and probably still more so to Mr. McGarvey

when he stood up to explain the case. He simply related the arrangement made with Mr. Feckman, and that faithful to it, he did come in before the opening prayer was ended, and that he did not wish to disturb his excellent brother Feckman, who he thought might have known that he was behind him. Whether Mr. Feckman considered the arrangement carried out in its integrity or not, he satisfied himself with responding from the pew where he sat, 'I did not then know, sir, that you had come in.'"

As it is not intended to follow Mr. Feckman in his labours outside of the county Cork, though some interesting facts have come to the writer's knowledge from several places where he sojourned for a while, there may be given as a specimen of those labours and their results the following incidents. Mr. Elliott says: "During the ministry of that devoted and saintly man of God the late Rev. William Starkey, on the Ballinasloe Mission, in the years 1840-2, there was a glorious revival; souls were converted in great numbers. Among those were three brothers of mine (all of them now in the Church above). The youngest of these, John, having gone to America, in that country, having ceased to watch and pray, became a backslider. His health failing, he returned after some years to his native place, but only to die. The interval between his return and his death was spent in my house. Mr. Feckman, who had been away for

some years, happily paid another visit to Ballinasloe some months before John died, during which time I had the gratification and honour of having him as my guest. He soon gained the respect and confidence of my brother, and frequently with great affection, but in plain terms, warned and exhorted him to decide for Christ. By-and-by the invalid was confined to his bed, and brought near to his end. From an adjoining room I heard Mr. Feckman use these words: 'Now, John, if you die without the blessing, you shall be lost for ever, and I will be free of your blood.' Some hours after, when my brother was alone, while reading the hymn commencing 'Thou Lamb of God, Thou Prince of peace,' and the one that follows, 'O Thou to whose all-searching sight,' heaven opened upon his soul, and he was filled with a rapturous joy, above any attempt at description. Mr. Feckman rejoiced 'as one that findeth great spoil.' So strong were his feelings of delight that he could scarcely be got to leave the sick man's bedside day or night until, to use his own words, he 'saw him safe over Jordan.'"

Mr. Elliott's remark upon the foregoing ought not to be omitted: "What a privilege and blessing to be honoured with the visits and the company of the faithful servants of Christ! Such has been always a blessing in Methodism, and I trust the day shall never come when the Methodist people will cease to appreciate the profit and advantage

to our homes arising from these men of God being entertained. I cannot tell how much I personally owe, and the blessings both temporal and spiritual enjoyed, as the results of such visits."

Another incident related by Mr. Elliott may be mentioned as illustrative of the habit Mr. Feckman had of singling persons out by name without any previous knowledge of them, but as if prompted from above, and often with striking effect. Mr. Elliott on one occasion having accompanied him to a place in the vicinity of Ballinasloe, went out to invite the people to the meeting. Among others there was a noted backslider, who had never attended any service conducted by Mr. Feckman. "I am informed," he said, "that he can tell persons everything that has happened to them through life," a revelation that evidently he wished to avoid. He was told that such was not the case, and was prevailed upon to attend. John—for that was his name—was a very large man, and the meeting being crowded, had no place to sit, but stood a prominent object in a corner of the room, close to where Mr. Feckman from behind a chair addressed the assembly. John and the preacher had never met before, but again and again during the address Mr. Feckman at the top of his voice, turning in the direction of the big man, shouted: "Backsliding John, return."

The individuality that characterised his addresses had often a very powerful effect. Mr. Powell remarks: "Mr. Feckman knew the habits of the

people of all classes well, and made good use of that knowledge. He would therefore describe their drinking habits, their playing at cards, their conduct at fairs and markets in cheating and taking advantage of the ignorance and simplicity of persons with whom they transacted business, and with such personal appeals as 'John or Mary, Thomas or Biddy, you remember it well, don't you? You know it as well as I do.' And with great solemnity he would add: 'And God knows it.'" Once at a meeting he said: "There are persons present who have been playing at cards before they came here, and intend to do so again after their return." Two men who had been so engaged, and who had come straight across the country for some miles, and felt that no one could have given the preacher information, were convicted. One of them said to the other: "If you don't hold me, I will faint." The cards were handed to Mr. Feckman at the close of the meeting.

His passion for bringing souls to seek a present blessing led him often while a prayer meeting was going on to go through the congregation, and putting his hand on the head or shoulder of one and another, to utter some word of warning or encouragement. The following well-authenticated incident I learned from Rev. J. B. Atkins:—

A police constable had a dream that he was present at a religious service, where there was a bishop officiating who put his hand on the head of

every one but his. Some time after Mr. Feckman came to the neighbourhood; as soon as the constable set his eyes on him he said to himself: "That is the bishop I saw in my dream." He attended the first meeting that was held, as might be expected, and very remarkable to relate, during prayer Mr. Feckman went round and placed his hand on every one's head except that of the constable, who became fearfully alarmed, and inwardly groaned: "I am lost." Shortly after, however, "the bishop" approached him, giving him a stroke on the back, and said: "Sergeant, pray." Turning round, he replied: "Sir, I cannot pray!" Mr. Feckman, more in the style of a military officer than of a bishop, responded: "I command you in the name of the Lord to pray." He did pray, and the result was his conversion. It is satisfactory to know that the constable held on his way, and became a sub-inspector.

It was expected wherever he visited that he would talk to people about their spiritual welfare, and persons who were careless on the subject, or who had fallen into a backsliding state, tried to shun meeting him. During some of those absences from West Cork, while many who had been converted through his instrumentality held fast and witnessed a good confession, some here and there would fall away from their steadfastness. A decent farmer near Schull, at whose house Mr. Feckman had held prayer meetings, had become a backslider during his absence of a few years. When Mr. Feckman

returned, he went to his friend's house; the man had just come in to his dinner from the farm, and, with his coat off, was sitting in the kitchen; he observed Mr. Feckman coming towards the front door; instantly he ran out by the back door into the fields. Mr. Feckman followed him, and succeeded in catching him, and held him fast, saying: "I arrest thee, the prisoner of the Lord." The man, conscious of his guilt, fell upon his *knees*, and *roared*, crying: "Have mercy on me! Oh, if you had been here, I would not have fallen. Can I be saved?" "Come into the house," said Mr. Feckman, "and we will plead with God." They did, and the farmer, burdened with the load of sin, and troubled with grief and shame, cried unto God, "who willeth not the death of a sinner." His backsliding was healed; he was pardoned and accepted, and lived a pious and useful life to the end.

He never meddled with controversy; it was all the same to him what might be the creed or denomination of those with whom he came into contact; his one aim was ever to deal with the soul and its salvation. He possessed a fine catholic spirit, and while everywhere, and in every society, he avowed himself a Methodist, his Christianity rose high above the peculiarities of sects. In remote districts where he had not the opportunity of regular Methodist services he would be found at the nearest Protestant Episcopal service, and in many instances

clergymen who had no liking for Dissent in any form, and who treated Methodism as a troublesome innovation, would welcome his visits, and speak approvingly of his labours. His gentlemanly demeanour, though somewhat brusque in manner at the first introduction, commanded the respect of the educated and upper classes, while his simplicity and cordial sympathy recommended him to the poor and humble.

He had the greatest respect for the ministers and office-bearers of the Methodist Church, and would never make disparaging remarks respecting them or their arrangements. He had been informed that his name had been mentioned time after time in Conference, and his character and labours held in such esteem as might amount to the conferring upon him the office of a general missionary. This was a gratification to him, and invested him with a kind of authority; but he never obtruded his plans upon any society or congregation, and never interfered with the plans of others. Mr. Powell justly says: "No man could have been further from engendering a spirit of discord than was our friend Mr. Feckman. He was a man of peace; he loved peace; he sought and pursued it. Everything may not have met with his approval at all times, but he never sought popularity at the expense of ministers or other office-bearers in the Church."

This testimony is amply borne out by what I have learned from the opinion entertained of him

by the late Revs. F. Tackaberry, Robert Bruce, William Starkey, and others who were well acquainted with his habits and work.

Nowhere was Mr. Feckman more valued than in his intercourse with families. He availed himself of the earliest opportunity of making himself acquainted with the spiritual state of every inmate of the house. At family worship every one in the house, including servants, would be prayed for by name. It is not to be wondered at that he gained the confidence of families. Though never obtrusive in making inquiries, he was often consulted about their temporal affairs, and being a man of wide experience and of sound judgment, they were sure of obtaining wise and safe counsel. Again Mr. Powell's opinion may be quoted: "He was no tittle-tattler, no busybody, no meddler in other men's matters. He was no evil-speaker, no detractor. I never heard from him any hints against any man's character. Some, for want of something to talk about, will carry from house to house the family matters or the business affairs of those with whose confidence they have been favoured. Mr. Feckman was above all this; everything was safe that was entrusted to his confidence." It may be here remarked that much of that strong attachment to Methodist ministers which has been found to exist in Ireland has arisen from the intercourse maintained with families, especially in rural districts, when the preachers stopping overnight would be

made the confidants of both father and mother respecting their affairs. And how often it has been found that when the young people have removed to towns or emigrated, and have attained, as in many cases it occurs, wealth and influence, the strongest tie to Methodism consists of the early recollections connected with the old home: the Bible class, the recital of hymns when the preacher visited, and the respect and affection shown to him by the old folk!

Mr. Feckman took an interest in children, would romp and play with them in the domestic circle, and in every place where he conducted services, he was in the habit of collecting them, singing with them, and giving short addresses, which were always listened to with eager attention. He was ever a welcome visitor to the aged and sick.

As has been already hinted, he derived nothing out of the property that was once his, but he was not allowed, so far as could be ascertained, to suffer want. And had he been mercenary, he might have had, through the kindness of his friends, more than was needed. When at times money was forced upon him he would not rest until he had visited and relieved some poor families with whose straitened circumstances he had been made aware. Sometimes chapels in remote districts got into a state of dilapidation; in several instances Mr. Feckman undertook to have them repaired, and when undertaken would never rest satisfied till the amount

necessary was forthcoming, and very generally he would assiduously see the work effectually done.

In his extreme old age, when no longer capable of the long journeys and varied labour to which he was accustomed, and requiring care and nourishment, about which he had never troubled himself, a few friends on the Skibbereen and neighbouring circuits contributed what was necessary to make him comfortable. One of these, a friend in Bandon, the late Henry Cornwall, Esq., who had often entertained him, and held him in very high esteem, at his death bequeathed to him a certain amount annually, which was cordially remitted by the executors up to the time of Mr. Feckman's death.

CHAPTER V.

SPECIMENS OF HIS SERMONS AND ADDRESSES.

IT has been noticed that his *forte* lay in exhortation, but on occasions when taking the place of a minister, and often when a whole service devolved upon him, he took a text. Among his papers there are some sermons copied in a neat small hand from early Methodist magazines, and several evidently his own, and not inferior to many discourses in print. There are also papers on subjects of importance, such as Peace, Grace, Sanctification, Quenching the Spirit, Backsliding. The following may be reckoned as among his favourite texts: 1 Tim. i. 15, Rom. vi. 23, Luke xix. 9, Mark i. 15, Rom. vi. 23, Heb. ii. 2, 3, Rev. iii. 20, Matt. v. 4, Psalm cxlvi. 8, 2 Cor. vi. 2, Eph. iv. 30. The following on Matthew v. 4 has been furnished by Mr. Elliott as a sample of his preaching, delivered on a Sunday morning in a schoolroom at Aughrim, a few miles distant from Ballinasloe :—

"My friends" (and in his usual way he rubbed down his hair and face with his hands), "our blessed Lord

had such a congregation as no synagogue could hold and it is very questionable if they would have had room in the temple itself; but He went up into a mountain, and when He was sat, as was customary with the Jewish doctors and public speakers, He opened His mouth" (here he rubbed his head and face down again); "and what did He say? Among other things, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' Our text naturally divides itself into two parts. First, who are the mourners? Second, how are they to be comforted? There are some who mourn because they cannot add house to house and vineyard to vineyard"; and rubbing down the head and face again with both hands, he would say, "*Hear that!* We have no comfort to offer *them*. There are others who have an idol in the family; now the Lord will not have idols. He is a jealous God, and will not give His glory to another. I knew a man in the county Cork who had five children, and he made an idol of the youngest, but the Lord laid His hand on the idol and took it away; this man came to me exclaiming, 'Oh, Mr. Feckman, the Lord has taken my little Mary; I'd rather have lost the mother and the other four children!' Thus he mourned, but there was no comfort to offer him.

"There is another class of mourners: those who are convinced by the word and Spirit of God of their lost and ruinous condition; they see their sins in the light of God's countenance, that they have committed against light and knowledge. Conscience begins TO PACK UP" (a phrase often used by him); "and they apply to conscience not to charge them with too many sins, but conscience says: 'I will charge you now with them all; I told you you were wrong when committing these sins.' Now they begin to mourn and pray, and

they get on their knees, where we shall just leave them for the present.

"There are others who mourn on account of the sin that remains in their hearts, though they feel no condemnation, but they want to be entirely cleansed. Well, we will leave them also on their knees, with the penitents, for a while.

"There are others who mourn on account of domestic trials and afflictions; even the people of God have these trials; and there are brothers mourning for their unconverted sisters, and sisters over brothers, children over unconverted parents, and parents over children. Well, we will leave these on their knees with the other mourners.

"We come now to the second part of our text, 'They shall be comforted.' When the penitent we left a while ago on his knees casts himself by faith on Christ, the Lord pardons his sins and sheds His love abroad in his heart; the load is gone, and he cries out: 'O Lord, I will praise Thee, for though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me.' He can now look to God as his reconciled Father, the love of God is shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, and he rejoices in hope of the glory of God.

"Having taken the penitent off his knees, we come to the seeker of entire sanctification, and by faith he realizes the fulfilment of that promise, 'I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean'; and the command, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart'; and the prayer, 'The very God of peace sanctify you wholly.'" (These glorious passages he would quote with streaming eyes and a full heart, evidently showing that their fulfilment was enjoyed by himself.)

"The next class of mourners—those who are tried and afflicted and mourn because of poverty and bereavement—are comforted by such assurances as 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,' and 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'

"Now for those who mourn for unconverted relatives. There is a house in the county Cork where I sometimes hold meetings. I was away for some years from this place, and when I went into the house, the mother said: 'Oh, Mr. Feckman, I am in great trouble. I have been praying for John's' (her son) 'conversion for the last twenty-two years, and he is still unconverted, and I fear he will be lost.' I said: 'What of that? Where is John?' 'Oh, sir, he went to such a place to-day.' I held a meeting in her house that evening, and the Lord brought the word home to John's heart, and he began to cry for mercy, and the Lord pardoned him at that meeting. That mourning, praying mother was comforted.

"I went to visit a poor woman in the county of Cork, who was a child of God, and she was in great poverty, lying on her death-bed (if it might be called a bed), a little straw and some scanty covering over, depending on the charity of others. When I saw her I said: 'Oh, my poor woman, I am sorry to see you in such a condition'; she replied: 'Oh, sir, do not call me poor. God is my Father, and Christ is precious to my soul, and I am going home to Him; I am as happy as ever I can be.' 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted' where there is no sickness, no pain, nor death, but where God shall wipe away tears from all faces.'"

I give the substance of a discourse I heard from him in the Methodist chapel in Ballydehob, a

village in the west of the county Cork, the text being Psalm cxlvi. 8:—"The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down; the Lord loveth the righteous."

"I. '*The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind.*' The book of Psalms, above any book of the Bible except Isaiah, speaks of Christ. His sufferings are described, and His resurrection is predicted, and the miracles which our Lord wrought are also predicted. The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind. This was physically fulfilled; the blind man who sat by the highway side begging cried: 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' And the Lord stopped on His journey, and asked him: 'What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?' The blind man said: 'Lord, that I might receive my sight,' and Jesus answered: 'Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole.' And in John ix. there is mention of another blind man that was healed. But Christ openeth the eyes of the blind spiritually. Sinners are dark and ignorant, running the way to hell, the broad way to ruin; *that is it.* In Psalm cxix. David prays: 'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' And look at Paul's commission (Acts xxvi. 18): 'To open their eyes, and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.' *There it is.* Paul thought he was going straight to heaven, but he found he was on the way to hell when the Saviour met him and had mercy on him. Before I go farther, let me stop, and ask you: Are you blind? are you here that are still blind after all that God has done to give you light? *Eh, what?*

"II. '*The Lord raiseth up them that are bowed down.*' Temporally, in the time of Christ's sojourn upon earth,

He raised the sick, strengthened the weak, gave feet to the lame; but the Lord does it spiritually when He lifts up the poor sinner from 'out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and sets his feet upon a rock, and puts a new song into his mouth, even praise unto our God.' The man who is bowed down under the burden of sin, what does he want? Does he want riches? No. Does he want pleasure? No. Does he want anything the world can give? No. What he wants is to have his sins pardoned, the peace of God, sweet composure of soul; and when he comes penitent, weary, and heavy-laden to God, trusting in the atonement which Christ has made, God takes him by the hand, and lifts him up out of the horrible pit, lifts him up out of all his fears, and puts a new song into his mouth; he has peace with God; *yes, he has.* God's love is now shed abroad in his heart. The man is now saved from his sins, separated from his wicked companions; *you know he is.* You know when the Lord raised you up; *you do.* The man is raised up from the mire of iniquity, and walks uprightly.

"III. '*The Lord loveth the righteous.*' Who are the righteous? Some people think that because they don't cheat any one, because they are honest in their dealings, they are righteous; *not so.* The righteous are those whose sins are pardoned, who are made new creatures, have Christ's image stamped upon them. God loveth the righteous; *look at that.* 'I have been young, and now am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.' The righteous forsaken? The Lord never did forsake the righteous, *no* nor never will. The Lord loveth the righteous, and so He ought, because He has purchased them with His own blood; see what a value is put upon your souls! The whole earth, if it were a lump

of gold, every star a jewel, the moon a ruby, and the sun a diamond, they would not be a price for one soul. Friends may drop off, riches may make themselves wings and fly away, but God never forsakes those that trust in Him. Christ will be with His people in the cabin as well as in the palace, in the smoky cabin. I will tell you an anecdote. A preacher came to a neighbourhood where there were cabins; the smoke was coming in clouds out of one of them. He asked a woman who was standing at the door: 'Where here does the preacher lodge?' and the woman replied: 'Come in, for your Master is here before you.' The Lord Jesus Christ was there before him. *Yes, He was; hear that.* There are here this evening who are witnesses that 'the Lord loveth the righteous.' Martha, don't you? Jane, don't you? George, don't you? John, don't you?" (There was no haphazard in giving these names, for they were accurately the Christian names of those singled out). "Ay, you can say: 'I love the Saviour,' and so you ought; you have a good right to love Him. Did you ever feel solid peace till then? Did you ever know comfort till the love of God was shed abroad in your hearts? You never did; you know you did not. Blessed be God, I for one know that the Lord loves me; once I was blind, but now I see; once I was a poor wicked sinner, running the broad road to ruin, but the Lord arrested me in my mad career and saved me from being plunged into hell.

"Are the blind here? Let me tell you that God may now be signing the summons of death to take you away. You may say to death: 'I am not ready'; but death will say to you: 'I cannot help you. I have a commission, and must execute it.' Are you here whose eyes were once opened, but are now closed again, 'a tree twice dead'? Your state is worse than if

you had never repented. Turn, poor backslider, to Jesus, and He will have mercy on you. Ah, poor sinners, are any of you still blind? Come now to Jesus, and He will open your blind eyes. I have now done. May God bless His word."

The above is but an imperfect report; it is copied from a pencilling done at the time, upwards of thirty years ago. There was added: "One would require to see and hear in order to have an adequate idea of its impressiveness—the emphatic gesture, the nod, full of meaning, the keen expressive eye, beaming with benevolent sympathy, and the direct application of the subject to several of those addressed."

Mr. Powell remarks: "I remember well his sermon on 'the great salvation,' the text being Hebrews ii. 3. I heard him preach that sermon once, when a very good judge of a sermon, and himself one of the best sermonisers I know, was present. After the service he addressed Mr. Feckman and thanked him for the discourse. The reply was: 'I am no preacher.' My friend responded playfully: 'Well, if you had preached that sermon before the district, and I had been there, I should certainly have voted that you pass. We would have passed you with flying colours.'"

It has been said that he was in the habit of gathering children about him and giving them instruction. Luke xiii. 6-9 and Isaiah xl. 11 were often selected as texts on these occasions. I

have little doubt but that some into whose hands these reminiscences may come will gratefully remember the meetings held by this saintly old man. The following from the passage in Isaiah may revive impressions then formed :—

"My little friends, I have no doubt you have often seen young lambs looking innocently gay, and sporting by the side of their dams. You were delighted to see them so happy, and enjoying themselves in warm and cheerful sunshine. But perhaps at another time you have seen these tender creatures exposed to stormy winds or pinching frost ; your little hearts have pitied them, and you have been ready to fear that the severity of the winter would destroy them. How pleased were you then to see the kind shepherd come to their relief, gather them together, and lead them to a place of safety and shelter ! Do you know of whom the prophet is speaking in the text ? Not of an earthly shepherd, but of a heavenly one. Not of such a shepherd as you have seen gathering his flocks together in their pastures, but of Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd, the Shepherd of souls. You have heard of Jesus Christ ; He is the Son of God, and came down from heaven to save sinners. You have heard of what He suffered when He died on the cross, and His love is always the same. He calls you His lambs, and He watches over you with tender care, for, like lambs, you are young and helpless, and in need of His care and protection. You are but of yesterday, and know but little : little of God, who made you ; of Jesus Christ, who has redeemed you ; of the Holy Spirit, who only can enlighten your mind and make you holy. You have heard of repentance, and have read : 'Except ye repent,

ye shall all likewise perish.' You have heard of faith in Christ, and remember that it is said : ' Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved ' ; but ' he that believeth not shall be damned.' You have heard of the new birth, and have seen in your New Testament that ' except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' You remember that the first and great commandment is : ' Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength,' and that St. Paul has said : ' If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha.' What is repentance ? what is faith ? what is the new birth ? and what is it to love God ? You might be quite at a loss to answer those questions. You know little of the world in which you live, and still less of that in which you must live for ever. You need daily instructions both in the concerns of your soul and body, but your good Shepherd has promised that He will feed His flock ; He will feed you with the milk of His word ; then go to Him in prayer. He Himself says : ' Suffer little children to come unto Me,' and encourages you to pray to Him by saying : ' Ask, and ye shall receive ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' But you know not what to ask for. Ask Him to enlighten your mind, and show you your sins, both by nature and practice ; ask Him to enable you to hate sin of every kind, and to constantly forsake it. Ask Him to help you to believe on Himself as your Saviour, to pardon all your sins, and create in you a clean heart. Persevere in asking ; give not over for a single day. He will send His Holy Spirit to teach you the truth and make you wise unto salvation.

" Like the tender lambs, you are exposed to dangers, which you cannot foresee, and which if you could

foresee you could not perhaps prevent. These may destroy your health, or cut short your life; but the greatest evil which could befall you would be to forget God, and run into sin. But be encouraged—Jesus, your kind Shepherd, will embrace you with His arms; if you are sick, He will make your bed in your sickness; He will keep you from temptation when you are in danger of falling into sin; and when you die He will receive you into His kingdom.

"Your parents do much for you, and you have reason to thank God for them, and you ought to be grateful and obedient to them, but Jesus, the Good Shepherd, can do for you much more; He can supply all your need here and make you happy for ever. Often think how much love and compassion are contained in these words: 'He shall carry the lambs in His bosom.' You have known how pleasant it is to be folded in the arms of your kind father, and to hang at the breast of a tender and loving mother. How often have your parents wiped away your tears, and eased the little sorrows of your hearts! And while you are enjoying their love, think: 'Thus has my kind Shepherd promised to fold me in His arms; how condescending to notice one so ignorant and helpless as I am! what an honour to be called one of His lambs! how I am under His protection! "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want any good thing."'

"'Little children, come to Jesus,
For He calls you from above;
And He promises to keep you
In His tender arms of love.

"'Little children, come to Jesus,
Trust the promise of His word;
Those that seek the Saviour early,
They shall surely find the Lord.

"'Little children, He invites you,
Wherefor do you stay away?
Do not fear to venture to Him,
Safe and pleasant is the way.

"'Little children, do not linger,
You may very shortly die;
But if Jesus is your Saviour,
You shall reign with Him on high.'"

Mr. Feckman was in the habit at lovefeasts and Society meetings of giving addresses on growth in grace, and attending the services held on week evenings. The following is a specimen of the counsels urged upon such occasions:—

"Dear brethren and sisters, if God has pardoned you, seek earnestly, and without loss of time, for entire sanctification. No season can be so good for attaining perfect love as when the soul is full of pardoning mercy. Place the standard of Christian perfection where the Scripture places it, neither higher nor lower. It consists not in transports of joy; these belong to the glorified state, and are but occasionally given to us here; but the highest perfection of the Christian is to sink into the lowest depth of meekness, patience, humility, and love. There is a passing from the outward to the inward, and from the inward to the inmost, and only in this can we behold the spiritual glory of the Lord.

"Some among you are so absorbed in business and taken up with the cares of the world as to prevent a regular attendance upon class and prayer meetings. With you Satan is most busy. If you deem secular business and entertaining friends of more importance than meeting with God in His house, can we wonder

if God withholds His blessing from you? If you would have a revival, you must set yourselves apart to work for it, and if you desire that Christ should work by you, you must put yourselves wholly in His hands, soul, body, and spirit, and then will your service be holy and acceptable."

CHAPTER VI.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY, AND FROM NOTES OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

THERE is little of the former, a thing to be regretted, as his labours were not only zealous, but self-denying, and often extended to neglected and out-of-the-way places. The following is a specimen:—

"August 16th, 1827, set out for Kilfinane" (it is not said from whence he started, probably Mallow or Limerick). "Walked upwards of twenty miles. Stopped at Mr. Fizelle's, where I had a good congregation. The Lord was present and blessed the people; my soul was refreshed. There is in this place a class of eighteen in number; may the Lord increase them to as many more. Amen, Lord." Friday, 17th, spent in the Bridewell (as a guest), "Kilfinane; preached in the evening to about twenty of a congregation. My own soul was much blessed, but no appearance of good among the people, but the Lord may have worked unknown to me." "Sunday morning, August 19th, preached at Brother Fizelle's to a very good congregation. A weeping time with some; others refreshed and melted down in the mould of love

Divine. In the evening preached from Romans vi. 23. The Spirit was poured out, and some cut to the heart; four joined the Society, and one received pardon. Glory to God for what He has done! 20th, came to Glanisheen; had a good congregation, and some appearance of good. This place has had no preaching since Mr. Wesley's time. He was the first who sounded the Gospel in this place. Now no society or preaching; it is a barren wilderness. May God revive His work here, for Christ's sake. Amen. 21st, Ballyorgan, another deserted place; had nearly sixty at meeting. They appear as dark and as ignorant of God and salvation as any of the sons of Ham. O Lord, enlighten them with the grace of the Holy Spirit. 22nd, Rockmills; had fifteen at meeting. My soul was much blessed while speaking on the justification of the sinner by faith in Christ Jesus. 23rd, came again to Glanisheen; had nearly fifty. It was a quickening time. While speaking from Matthew v. 4, the Lord melted many hearts. Oh, when shall this people love the Lord Jesus in sincerity? Hasten, oh! hasten that period, Lord God."

The above extracts, and similar records, of Methodism in former times bring to the memory of the writer a suggestion made to him by a respectable Roman Catholic bookseller, not long since, that "there might be an interesting volume gleaned from John Wesley's journals of the places in Ireland visited by him, with notices of their present relation to Methodism." Such an inquiry might result in some useful reflections, if not in the recovery of some lost ground.

On loose slips of paper without dates there are many notes of personal experience that show the inner life of this devoted labourer in the Lord's vineyard.

"On reviewing my spiritual state, I have exceeding great cause of thankfulness to God in Christ. I have a clearer discovery of my natural sinfulness, my nothingness, and my imperfections. This brings me low at the Saviour's feet; and I see myself to be an unworthy creature deserving only of hell, on account of my manifold sins, yet I am a monument of His mercy, a sinner saved by grace. I bless my God I am, and have been ever since my conversion, growing in grace. Thanks be to my heavenly Father, my experience is not dark and gloomy; neither do I find in the New Testament that the believer is in that state, or can be so, while he lives near to God, and exercises a lively faith in Christ. Since I began the Divine life I have found duties of a spiritual nature to be crosses at first; but I can truly say that according to my days, so has my strength been. Oh, what pleasure do I find in these duties! I am only as a pilgrim on earth. I live not unto myself, but to do all the good I can to my fellow-creatures. My heart continues to be full of love to God, and to all mankind.

"I bless God I find on strict examination of my own heart that I have no wish or single desire to live for myself, but only to do the whole will of God. I am in His hands, He has done all things well for me, and I commit all my concerns to His providential care, being assured that 'He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.' I know no people who have so many helps to the experience and enjoyment of religion as the Methodists. How excellent is

their discipline, which encloses their little flocks from the commons of the world! I bless God for bringing me among a people who do not limit Divine grace, but expect the fulfilment of all the promises.

"The Lord wonderfully manifests to me His gracious approbation, and blesses me in all I do. His free grace has gently led me on to fuller light. The immensity and omnipotence of the eternal Lord God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I reverence and admire with filial trembling and awe, feeling that I am an utterly unworthy and sinful worm of the earth. But it has pleased this great Being, in His unspeakable condescension and love, that I should worship Him in the beauty of holiness and be permitted to tell all my wants to Him, as my heavenly Father and best Friend. Oh, how lovely and gracious is the character of the Divine Majesty! On this day, while worshipping with His people, so great was the effusion of the Holy Spirit that I was quite overcome, and my heart was melted in an extraordinary degree, more than I ever experienced. How beautiful do righteousness and purity appear to my mind!

"Glory to God! I praise Him for my senses, food, raiment, habitation, bodily and spiritual mercies, for the deliverances He has wrought out, the promises He has made, the answers to prayer, the grace He has given. I thank Him for the mercies of the past year and the comforts of this new year. Glory be to God! But still I want more grace; I want a clean heart, a right spirit, a stayed mind. I want His perfect love. All I want is included in love, perfect love, and He says: 'Only believe. All things are possible to him that believeth.' Glory be to God, I do believe. I believe that this salvation is provided for me, held out to me; I lay claim to it as mine. It is mine, for Christ is

mine ; I urge my claim. I want to feel the possession of it ; I want to feel all peace, all calm, all love.

"Grace has taken a deeper root in my heart. I enjoy a greater degree of sanctification, being more humble, more resigned, more emptied of self. Glory to my adorable Redeemer! The tranquillity of my soul and my deadness to the world and to the temptations which formerly beset me are astonishing. I have had many internal enemies to cope with, especially a proud and peevish temper, but nothing ruffles me now. All my enemies pass away like chaff before the wind when the Holy Spirit works upon me, and I live not in my own strength, but in the strength of Christ.

"I find a sensible increase in holiness, and a deadness to the world which is indescribable. Sometimes I am very weak in body and cannot remain long on my knees ; yet my prayers are answered in the happiness and peace of my mind. This affliction has been of use to me. My own will is lost entirely and perfectly in the will of God. I walk in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, and enjoy the fruit of the Spirit."

LETTERS.

THE letters of Mr. Feckman are, as might be expected, numerous and varied. First draughts carefully written were found among his papers, but without the names, except in a few instances, of those to whom addressed. As they are of general interest, this omission is of less importance. The selection now given has reference to different classes of persons, and may be found beneficial to readers, as they must have been to those who were favoured by his correspondence in the first instance.

I.

DEAR JOHN,

It is a great mercy that God has inclined you in your early days to begin to pray. Early piety is peculiarly valuable in the sight of God. The Scriptures tell us that "it is good

for man that he bear the yoke in his youth." And God commands: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." By giving your heart to God in the morning of life, you will enjoy many blessings which others can never enjoy; and you shall be saved from ten thousand evils, which others bring upon themselves through their disobedience to God's commands. Christ loves young disciples. "He gathers the lambs with His arms, and carries them in His bosom." Christ loves the sacrifice of a young heart. Oh! present to Him the flower in its bloom. Those who are noted in the Scriptures for their early piety are also remarked for the distinguished honour which God conferred upon them. Joseph, Samuel, David, Josiah, Daniel, and Timothy, are among those who remembered their Creator in their youth, and see how God honoured them. Joseph became the second man in Egypt, and the saviour of that country and of his father's house. Daniel was raised to be the prime minister of a great empire, and Timothy became a useful bishop of a Christian church. And if God be pleased to spare you, and if you continue to serve Him, you shall be a comfort to your friends, an honour to your name, useful to all around you, happy in your own soul;

you will bring much glory to God, and then sing His praises for ever and ever.

Yours most affectionately,

WILLIAM FECKMAN.

The following lengthy letter appears to have been written to a young person about to emigrate, in whose spiritual welfare, as one brought to God through his instrumentality, he took a deep interest. I have reason to believe that there are in the colonies, and in the United States of America, scores of persons who themselves or their parents were brought to a knowledge of the Saviour through Mr. Feckman's instrumentality.

II.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

Having your interest greatly at heart, there are a few things upon my mind which I desire to communicate to you, and the more so as Divine Providence hath so divided us that in all human probability we shall never see each other's face again till the great day of accounts. Then I charge you to meet me, at the right hand of God, arrayed in that blood-washed linen which Christ has purchased for you. Let this be the one pursuit of your life, and the continual object of all your desires. Take care when you leave England you lose

not your relish for religion, for a change of place and company too often causes a change of heart; and it is very difficult for young persons to continue steady in the midst of novelties. You appear to me as a ship just launching upon the mighty waters; waves and storms shall quickly beat upon you, rocks and quicksands lie in your way, and unless your eye be fixed upon your compass (the word of God), you will miss your course. Therefore fix the eye of your soul steadily upon Jesus, for He is "the Way and the Truth and the Life." When you are fixed upon that Rock of ages, then you will stand secure in "Jesu's guardian love." Neither is a mere recollection of Him the thing I mean, for if a mariner were only to remember his compass, it would do him but little good; he must be guided by it, or he can never reach the desired haven. To live by faith is to feed upon the Bread of life; therefore, if you wish to grow strong, see that you constantly feed upon the heavenly manna. Do you understand what I mean by feeding upon Jesus? I am not speaking of any outward ordinance, but of that inward act of the soul by which it casts itself entirely into the arms of "the Beloved," and abiding there in tranquillity of spirit, draws every moment Divine life from

that never-failing fountain and, as the flourishing branch, draws sap from the Vine. Be deeply attentive to the still, small voice of the Holy Spirit, for it is not distinguished in the din and clamour of the world; it is that voice "which only gracious souls can hear." But do you still say: "I find it hard to do this"? Let me speak in the plainest manner I am able, and may my adorable Saviour give you to see that which without Him you cannot understand. Lift up your heart this moment unto God, as well as you can; He hears your prayer; His eye is upon you, He passes by you, and asks: "What wouldst thou that I should do unto thee?" Let your heart reply: "Lord, that I may believe and love, and for ever dwell in Thy presence." There abide in that heavenly state of mind, speaking to Him, with filial reverence, as a child to its tender parent, believing that word "My God shall supply all your need." Believe, ask, and persevere in asking, so shall you bring forth much fruit, and be His disciple indeed. Hear Him saying:

"Beneath My love's almighty shade,
O Israel, sit and rest secure;
On Me thy quiet soul be stayed,
Till pure as I thy God am pure."

Endeavour to keep your spirit free from all

hurry and confusion, for God works in a peculiar manner in a composed and quiet mind. If you abide in the constant exercise of faith, you will soon learn the meaning of that which is written: "He shall save His people from their sins." Entreat Him to give you to live in Jesus, as you have died in Adam; experiencing as complete a life in Christ as you have experienced a complete death in sin; bearing the image of the heavenly, as you have borne the image of the earthly. Be not straitened in yourself; the promises of God are wide and deep; yea, He "is a place of broad rivers and streams." Venture upon Christ for a free and full salvation. Labour all the day long to keep the temple of God pure, for He has said: "Here will I dwell, for I have My delight therein," watching well over your thoughts, your tongue, your eye. But observe the true way of watching is by faith, to commit your soul, with all its powers, to the keeping of Jesus; then shall you find "the Lord your Keeper stands omnipotently near." From the root of a living faith many branches spring; therefore lose no time. Remember "the hand of the diligent making rich" in spirituals as well as in temporals. And you shall find enough to do if you should live a hundred

years; be a general servant; do all that you are able to do for God, especially by your example. Learn to delight in seeing your neighbours as happy as yourself; watch every occasion of doing good.

Beware of the spirit of the world; keep at a distance from it, and let all who see you take knowledge from your dress and your manner that you have solemnly promised to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world. Be constant at the means of grace; it is good to seek "the footsteps of the flock beside the shepherds' tents." When the Lord spreads a table for you in His ordinances, see that you do not slight His mercy, for wheresoever the children of God be gathered together the heavenly manna always falls, but lazy souls will not be at the trouble to gather it up. You will find the greatest blessing in God's holy word, and in prayer; see that you continually improve this great and high privilege; keep the sacred fire of Divine love always brightly burning upon the altar of your heart, by very frequent returns of private prayer. Take at the least a quarter of an hour at a time, four times a day, on your knees, and speak from the heart till you can do this with delight. Spend all your time by rule, as far as your

situation and circumstances permit. The moment you awake in the morning (and here, let me say, cultivate a habit of early rising) cast yourself into the arms of your heavenly Father with this thought: "I awake, O Lord, to worship Thee; let me live this day to Thy glory, as I have never yet done." Watch your thoughts while dressing, and then, falling upon your knees before the Lord, offer to Him, as a morning sacrifice, your memory, your understanding, your will, your affections to be entirely at His disposal, entreating Him for such a measure of His grace as may enable you to walk closely with Him all the day. In the evening examine whether you have acted agreeably to your own prayers. Some such questions as the following may be useful: Have I lived this day near to God, in watchfulness and prayer, or have I given way to indolence of spirit? Have I been kept from all unkind words and thoughts, seeking not only my own, but the happiness of those about me? Have I spent my time profitably as far as I have had opportunity and strength? Have I been careful in watching against the wanderings of my imagination? Have I laid out anything merely to please myself, when the money might have been saved for the cause of God?

Go to rest at night at an early hour, keeping your heart with all diligence, and committing yourself to the protection of Him who "neither slumbers nor sleeps." Another very material thing is the choice of books; very much depends upon this, much more perhaps than you think of; and as you have at present a great love for reading, I am the more solicitous that this taste be improved to your advantage. Let your first and most delightful reading be the word of God. Read it with earnest prayer and holy resolution; I say with holy resolution, for probably no part of the Christian's duty requires more courage than this. The enemy will endeavour by diverting and wearying your mind to hinder your being profited by this exercise. Fix upon some part of every day, and force yourself to read attentively, whether you seem to profit by it or not, and by so doing you will conquer those evil spirits which so haunt the soul in its retirement. Next to the word of God you will find profit in Wesley's Sermons and Letters. The lives of experienced Christians are in general very profitable reading, such as David Brainerd, and Thomas Walsh, and the memoirs given in our magazines. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" you will find profitable. If you have time, read

some well-chosen works on history; these cast a great light upon the providence of God.

In the next place, be exceedingly cautious who you take into your confidence as a friend. It is natural for an affectionate temper to seek to resemble the object it loves. Nevertheless, I say this, as of reading—a wise and faithful friend, if well chosen, is one of the greatest blessings of life. Let the image of God and nothing else draw your affections, and watch well that lawful friendship does not degenerate into idolatry; to prevent this be careful to spend no more time with your friend than what is profitable. As this may be the last time I may have the opportunity of giving you advice, I shall carry this subject a little further. If you should think yourself called to marry, I entreat you to observe the following cautions. Never entertain the thought of taking any man as your head and husband unless he be such a one as your highest reason chooses to obey. I say your highest reason, for affection alone will not do here; if you have not a good foundation for esteem and affection to rest upon in the provocations that may arise, you may find it hard to stand always to that submission that then shall be your duty. Seriously consider, then, of what vast import-

ance such a step in life must be, how much your present and eternal happiness is concerned therein. Do not therefore entertain a thought of entering into that state without the most fervent prayer that the Lord may direct you. If possible, let the person of your choice be your superior, in grace, in understanding, and good natural disposition. Yet once again I entreat you by all the love you have professed to have for me, by all the gracious influence you have felt coming from God, I charge you as you shall answer it at that day, give your whole heart to God. Whatever situation in life, whatever place your lot is cast in, nothing need hinder you from being holy, and from having Christ for your portion. To God's gracious protection I commit you. May His everlasting arms be beneath and around you. I remain your real and affectionate Christian friend,

WILLIAM FECKMAN.

III.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is with gratitude that I often call to mind that period of my life wherein I was drawn with uncommon ardour after the possession and enjoyment of spiritual blessings. The

way to the holiest was clearly opened to me by faith in Jesus, and I was in full stretch for the accomplishment of every promise to which my eye of faith was directed. Since then my mind has been strengthened, and freed from many doubts and fears that used to perplex me. Through grace I have been enabled to combat all evil reasonings, and cast all my burdens upon the Lord. I have increasing light into the temptations of the enemy, and by not judging of my state during the time of his suggestions, but standing by faith till the trial was over, the Lord has again shone upon my soul, and given me a renewed sense of His approbation. Whenever I am conscious that I might have acted or spoken more to the glory of God, I immediately apply to the blood of sprinkling; by this method my conscience is kept tender. My natural affections, I know, should be regulated and governed by the word and Spirit of God, and move in an even balance, all harmonised, not one exercised at the expense of another, but each in due subordination flow from a right principle, and lead to a right end. This is something more than being freed from sin. Many trials I have had from this quarter. A salvation from sin seems to me to be only a negative holiness.

If obedient to the Spirit's teaching, the effect will be to enter into the possession of that positive holiness which the Apostle describes where he says: "Coming to the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

My mind was always active; the discovery I had of the blessings that belong to those who enjoy a deliverance from sin induced me to seek after those attainments, and still bids me pursue them. I have been hindered much by the too great activity of my mind, which frequently went before the Spirit of God. I could not always say with Mr. Fletcher:

> "Restless, resigned, for God I wait;
> For God my vehement soul stands still."

Too often I have been restless but not resigned. This has opened an avenue for the enemy to harass and perplex me in various ways. In order to attain those higher degrees of grace, I find my mind should be continually looking to Jesus, waiting patiently for the guidance of His Holy Spirit, and that I ought to be thankful for the least measure of light and grace.

I have found my own wisdom a great obstacle in my way, and because I did not receive all I asked for, I have not been sufficiently

grateful for what was given me, enlightening my darkness, strengthening my weakness, encouraging me to go forward, and leading me through many difficulties. While our eye remains single, and desires after God are cherished, and we are seeking Him with all our hearts, notwithstanding that we may be clouded with unbelief and ignorance and wanting in a knowledge of Satan's devices, yet if we persevere in seeking, from my own experience I can testify, and from the experience of others whom I have observed, that we shall find; as the prophet Hosea says, "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord, His going forth is prepared as the morning, and He shall come to us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth."

I am, Dear Sir, yours,

WILLIAM FECKMAN.

IV.

The following letter is on the subject of Christian perfection. Few, if any, were better qualified to expound the doctrine, for he lived it, and from his correspondence it is evident his opinion was often sought for by those who were pressing "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

DEAR MISS W——,

Your request is not only reasonable, but to me very pleasing. I only wish I were better qualified to answer it; of this you must judge. I assure you, I will tell you what I know and think. If I mistake not, you have heard me say that holiness, perfection, and sanctification are used in the Scriptures as synonymous terms, and I believe if this were always attended to, there would be less difficulty in comprehending the subject. I always use them indiscriminately one for the other. These terms are sometimes applied to institutions: Exod. xx. 8, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy"; to things (Zech. xiv. 20); and to men appointed by God to sacred offices (Jer. i. 5); but to be perfected, sanctified, or made holy in the Gospel sense of the word, implies much more than being set apart for some particular use, or sent upon some important errand. To look at the matter in the fullest and clearest light we must observe that God is the source of all good and possesses an infinite fulness of all perfection, and whatever degrees of holiness are to be found in men or angels, they must all be derived from that boundless ocean which is in Him. The absolute perfection of God cannot be sought for

by any finite being without impious presumption and eternal disappointment. All perfection in creatures is only in such a degree as they resemble the supreme Jehovah, as drops from the fountain of goodness. It is therefore only comparative (not absolute) perfection we speak of when it relates to either Adam in paradise or the highest order of angels in heaven; and yet those enjoyed a much higher degree of purity than any humble being has a right to expect while clothed with mortality; for instance, no one in this life can be perfectly free from various bodily infirmities. Again, in this life our souls must remain imperfect with respect to knowledge. "We see through a glass darkly"; our clearest ideas are but obscure compared with what we shall know when mortality is swallowed up of life; when faith shall be lost in sight, then "shall we know even as we are known." The perfection or holiness which we ought to enjoy will appear more plainly by considering, *first, what it is not.* It does not consist in harmlessness alone, nor will bare morality do; one may be true and just in his dealings with his fellow-creatures, and yet be guilty of many sins. To go a little farther, Christian formality is not holiness; the using all the ordinances God has appointed,

reading the Scriptures, prayer private and public, receiving the Lord's Supper,—all these one may punctually perform, and all the while be a proud and profane sinner. Nor can works of charity avail; one might give all his goods to feed the poor, and yet not have the love of God. To come closer still, Christian faith is not holiness; it is true we read of "a most holy faith," such a belief of the glorious Gospel of God our Saviour as leads to all kinds of holiness both of heart and life, but inasmuch as faith is the instrument to be used in order to attain the end, it follows that faith is not the end, is not holiness. Once more, and once for all, the blood of Christ is most assuredly holy, but forasmuch as He shed His precious blood to purchase every blessing (grace and glory) for all mankind, it follows that His blood is the price paid for these blessings, but cannot be the procuring cause of our holiness, and holiness itself.

Second, let us see what it really is. It is a thorough renovation of the whole heart, being changed from the deplorable state into which we have brought ourselves by our rebellion against God into that which is described as a new creation, the mind becoming enlightened, the conscience tender both in a

negative and positive sense, our wills subdued and made conformable to the will of God, and what are called the passions or affections, as love, fear, hope, grief, joy, rightly balanced. Put in fewer words, expressed by St. Paul (1 Cor. ii. 16), "the mind of Christ," having all the dispositions of the holy Child Jesus implanted in us: humility without pride; love to God and all mankind, without hatred or anger, however provoked; resignation to the Divine will, without the least doubt or murmuring, let our trials be ever so severe; then, and not till then, can we "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks." This I call "holiness, without which no man can see the Lord." You may call it, as St. John does, "perfect love that casteth out fear," or, as Christ does, "the pure in heart."

But how and when is this to be attained? The Romanists say: "When the soul is a sufficient time in purgatory"; the Calvinists say: "At death"; the Methodists say: "Before death"; so that a person may be possessed of this invaluable blessing before being called away out of this world. I know many who are now living witnesses of this. The way to attain, keep, and improve this precious treasure is, first, be sensible you have it not; this I daresay

you have felt many times; then believe the record God has given of His Son (1 John i. 7): "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Believe it to be your duty and privilege to see God in all things, and to enjoy His presence every moment, filling your whole soul, and reigning unrivalled there. "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He will give you the desire of your heart." Oh that the Friend of sinners may enable you and me to eye the great Eternal in all our ways.

Your truly affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM FECKMAN.

V.

SAME SUBJECT.

MY DEAR MRS. G——,

I know that you are well acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus, and have experienced the powerful effects in your own soul. You are justified freely by faith through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, and, by the power of His grace, have obtained the victory over the desires of the carnal mind. You well remember that after the Lord had given you a clear manifestation of His love, you found something still in you that opposed the reign

of the holy Jesus, and you know how exceedingly difficult you found it to overcome your own will and your remaining unbelief. While we continue to watch and pray and live in the exercise of faith, we shall not be overcome, but go on from strength to strength. Yet the nearer we live to God, the more clearly we see what remains in our hearts contrary to His will, and when we suppose that this or the other sinful propensity is so far subdued that we shall not be troubled with it any more, we see it again lift up its head, and become more grievous than ever. And although we may fast and pray and do all in our power, still we shall find that were we to live in this way for fourscore years, it would not be sufficient for the entire sanctification of our souls. But when the mind is fully enlightened, so that we discover all our remaining depravity, and when we rightly understand the full meaning of the blessed word "By grace are ye saved through faith," then we see an open door of hope. This is the way which the infinitely wise and blessed God hath appointed to glorify the riches of His grace and to humble the pride of man. Here a contest between nature and grace takes place. Satan and our own evil hearts would have us put off the complete sanctification

of our souls till death, but God, who is rich in mercy, will show us that it is our privilege to be fully saved in this life; that this great work shall be wrought in us by the power of His Holy Spirit; and that with regard to time, a day or a moment with Him is the same as a thousand years; and so great is His mercy and love that in those who experience this blessed work, there is the witness of the word and the Spirit of God, the same as in justification.

With respect to the fruit of this glorious work, we shall be delivered from self-will, pride, and evil desire, which till then were so exceedingly troublesome to us. Unbelief is also conquered, and the promises which relate to the full recovery of the image of God are laid quite open, nor is there any fear but that we shall realise their fulfilment. It is now that we properly cease from our own works, because we do all in the spirit and power of Christ, with whom we live in holy fellowship. We feel a fervent desire that God in all things may be glorified, and as our affections are duly regulated and fixed upon their proper objects, so shall our will be subject to the will of God, because we see His will to be holy, just, and good. It is true our will

may be still acted upon by evil as well as by good spirits, and we may choose or refuse; we may take up the cross cheerfully, or we may in particular cases feel some reluctance. Were it not so, the disciple would be above his Master, and the servant above his Lord. By not properly attending to this, some have been tempted to think they could never fall, and they have imagined that Christ was so fully formed within them that they should stand independently of their receiving continual supplies of grace from Him. There are people who affirm that we set ourselves upon a level with Christ if we say that "we have no more sin to be cleansed from, and that we need the merit of His death no more." But this we do not say. The work undoubtedly is very great, and great are the privileges attending it, yet although cleansed from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, we have not perfected holiness in the fear of God; we are likewise subject to mistakes, and have many weaknesses and infirmities, and as we now live nearer to God than ever, He gives us to see, as we never did before, all our defects and to mourn over them, and to say: "Every moment, Lord, I want the merits of Thy death." What then should be our course who have received this great salva-

tion? Undoubtedly to walk worthy of our high and holy calling, in all lowliness and meekness; let us keep at the utmost distance from thinking highly of ourselves, for the more the Holy Spirit shines into our hearts, the more we shall see that we are still poor needy creatures, who need all the help we can get from Christ, or any of His servants. My dear friend, endeavour to drink deep into the fountain of Divine love. Follow Christ, "the Good Shepherd," and you shall not wander from the path of life, but be sweetly led and safely guided through the wilderness of this vain world, till you are brought home to praise God and the Lamb for ever.

For myself I can say, my soul has made choice of Jesus, for my all in all, and knows no happiness but that of loving Him and being more and more like Him. I feel I love Him with all my heart and mind, and soul and strength, and can say to Him: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire besides Thee." Yet fully conscious of this, when I meditate upon the infinite perfections of God, I feel constrained to fly to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness.

I remain, your affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM FECKMAN.

VI.

CORRECTING SOME MISTAKES.

My Dear Sir,

I am glad to hear of the welfare of my old friend. Give my kind respects to your wife and relations. You complain that you never meet with any one who comes up to your idea of a perfect Christian. But is your standard a correct one? if not, the mistake is all on your part. In your perfect Christian you look for that which is inconsistent with the present condition of human nature, and then assert that you find it not. But why should it be thought impossible to love God with all the heart and with all the mind, to delight in Him supremely, to render the whole affection of the soul to the extent of its present capacity, and to be saved from self-will, pride, and love of the world?

You insist upon it that we are saved by faith, and undoubtedly so we are, but consider, meanwhile, let us have ever so much faith, it shall never save us from hell unless it save us from all unholy tempers, from pride, passion, from impatience, wrath, peevishness, and bitterness. We are inexcusable, after being frequently warned against this strong delusion,

if we still indulge in those evil tempers and yet bless ourselves, and dream that we are in the way to heaven.

Beware of that dangerous delusion "a finished salvation." Remember, though our redemption be finished, our salvation is not till we be fully and finally saved. Redemption and salvation are two things not to be confounded. We were redeemed when Christ died on the cross, this work was then finished, but we are not saved till God has fulfilled in us by His Holy Spirit "all the good pleasure of His goodness and the work of faith with power." Salvation begins when we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but it must be carried on in the renewed heart by "growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." We must find salvation in ourselves as well as expect it to come from without ourselves. If a proud, angry, or revengeful man should tell me he relies upon the finished work of Christ, I must give the lie to Scripture and common-sense if I believe his vain and silly boasting. Those who boast in this manner cry out against perfection, and yet preach it continually. We preach such a perfection attainable in and through Christ as excludes all known sin. They preach such a perfection as admits of all sin,

and reconciles sin with safety. Oh! let us pray that God may give us His Spirit to save us from error as well as sin.

I am your affectionate Friend,
WILLIAM FECKMAN.

VII.

ADDRESSED TO A BACKSLIDER.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

It has been often on my mind to write to you, because, being such a distance from you, I have no opportunity of speaking to you. Although you are not now, as formerly, rejoicing in God, yet my soul has been much engaged for you in prayer. I mourn over you because your mind is alienated from our blessed Redeemer, who had manifested Himself unto you, and washed away your sins in His own blood. Can you read this without a sigh or a falling tear? I think not; I hope your heart is not so steeled against the truth, nor can you yet forget that you were "once purged from your old sins." Oh that the Lord would bring to your remembrance and give you again to feel in any measure that sweet attracting love of God which you once enjoyed! How did your soul rejoice in God your Saviour,

and how strongly you were engaged to Him! What a foretaste of glory did you then enjoy, and with what alacrity did you run the way of His commandments! You rejoiced to be found in the great congregation, the Sabbath was your delight, and the ordinances of God were wells of salvation to your thirsting soul. You met with your brethren in holy fellowship; how did your heart rejoice to think: "I am a living member of Christ's mystical body; I know by the witness of the Spirit I am a child of God, and an heir of heaven!" But oh! how has the fine gold changed, and become dim! how it is degenerated into base metal! Is it possible that your understanding should be so darkened? Indeed, it could not be if it were suffered to speak, but it is kept blinded; there is a mist continually before it; it is not suffered to reason or to speak for itself, else that noble faculty would not permit you to carry a lie in your right hand; are you not doing this when you permit yourself to think that solid happiness can be found in the possession of anything that money can procure? You have tried this experiment for many years, and let conscience speak. Are you now happy? you know you are not; you well know the truth of that word, the happiness of a man's

life "consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." But perhaps you are taking refuge in, and have learned to say: "Once in grace, always in grace." Nevertheless this "bed is too short for you to stretch yourself upon." You comfort yourself with that word, "Jesus having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them unto the end," but this covering will not be sufficient for you to wrap yourself in; for the truth of this I appeal to your own conscience. But suppose your theory to be true, of what base ingratitude are you guilty thus to abuse the inestimable benefits which a kind and gracious God has bestowed upon you, to sin that grace may abound! You would resent such treatment from your wife or your son or your servant. It is true you have been favoured with great prosperity and have been exalted above your brethren, but does not this lay you under the greater obligation? It is God who has given you power to get wealth, and ought you to turn your back upon your Benefactor? Oh, how often do we see that word awfully fulfilled "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them"! Oh, take care lest it should be the case with you. Sit down a few minutes and seriously think of these things; then lift

up your heart unto the Lord, pray for Divine light, and suffer it to enter into your soul; consider the days that are past; let conscience speak, and hearken to its faithful reproofs. Consider the foundation of your opinion, and whether it can bear you up under all the doubts and fears with which your mind is likely to be exercised. If you can look into "the Book of life" and know assuredly that your name is there, and that it never shall be blotted out, notwithstanding that you live and die as you now are, then it must follow that you may without holiness not only see the Lord, but also live with Him in glory for ever. But if this cannot be, there is as great a necessity for you to repent and do your first works as there was for the Church of Ephesus to do it. But perhaps you will seriously think of these things, and carefully weigh the advantages and disadvantages attending them. Suffer me then to endeavour to assist you. You may be restored to the favour of God, and be blessed with a sense of His love towards you in Christ Jesus; this will be attended with that peace that passeth all understanding, you shall again enjoy sweet communion with God, with power over the world and evil spirits and your own evil heart, and the Holy Spirit will guide

you into all truth and comfort and support you under every distressing trial. In return for these and many blessings besides, what do you lose in this world? Perhaps the favour and friendship of those who are living without God in the world; but would you not have the love and esteem of those whom David calls "the excellent of the earth"? Would it not be well for you to think of those fearful words "He that denieth Me before men, him will deny before My Father, and before His holy angels." Perhaps you would not gain quite so much money, and therefore must give up the thought of aggrandising your family; but look around you, and consider how few among all the moneyed men you know are happy, or which of their children who have had the largest portions of money left them are really the better for it. Surely you have not forgotten that you are only a steward of what you now possess. Anyhow, lay riches, honour, and all the pleasures of sense, in the balance against those great and high privileges before mentioned, and they shall be found lighter than vanity.

You are no stranger to those things, for you "have tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come." Jesus was once

your life, your Lord, and your all, and the world was under your feet. But how deeply fallen, how are you changed. Oh! do not be content to remain in your present state; press hard after God; cry mightily to Him, and that compassionate Redeemer, whose tender mercy knows no bounds, will heal your "backslidings and love you freely." That this may be the case is the constant and earnest prayer of the friend of your never-dying soul,

WILLIAM FECKMAN.

Mr. Feckman was ever most assiduous and sympathetic in his attention to the sick and afflicted; among his letters, there are not a few addressed to persons suffering under disease or called to endure bereavement. I subjoin several, which shall be welcome to those who have a recollection of his kind visits, and may be consolatory to others.

VIII.

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

MY EVER-DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

I have just heard of the afflictive dispensation with which our heavenly Father has been pleased to visit you. Great indeed is your loss, and great is the loss to your family.

I sympathise with you, and commend you and yours to the Father of mercies and God of all comfort. It brings afresh to my mind recollections of sorrowful days through which I was called to pass, and in which you kindly sympathised with me. May God be your comfort and stay. The loss to you is irreparable, but what a comfort to know that to the departed it is unutterable gain! It is the best of all blessings to die well, and get safely home to heaven. This blessing she has attained; danger is over, her race is happily concluded; she has won the victory, she has received the crown. But how little do we know of heaven! I doubt not but your departed wife and mine have before now renewed their acquaintance in that happy region, and have talked over many of the affairs connected with the friends they have left behind. Oh that we may be found ready to join their blessed society whenever the great Arbiter of life and death shall summon us from the concerns of time!

I know it is quite needless for me to point you to sources of consolation. With these you are far better acquainted than I am. And with that comfort with which you have comforted others, may the great Head of the Church now abundantly replenish your own soul.

Nature will feel, but it is our blessed privilege to have all the feelings of nature sanctified, and blessed to our increase in holiness. By this means every drop of natural sorrow may be mingled with drops of spiritual comfort, and we by hallowed affection may thus be made more useful in the Church on earth and more glorious in the Church above.

Yours ever in cordial sympathy,

WILLIAM FECKMAN.

IX.

May grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied to my dear B. G—— from God the Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ. I trust you are in a better state of bodily health than when I saw you last. Indeed, "all things work together for good to them that love God"; therefore, as nothing comes by chance, be assured of this: that "these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for you an exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Glory, my dear brother, glory! does not the very sound of that word transport you? Then let this encourage you to look at the things which are eternal, and to bear the trials which are sent not to consume, but to purify you. God does not send them as judgments upon His children; it is not in

anger, but in mercy, He chastises those He loves. And when we once set our joyful feet on Canaan's happy shore, we shall, with a pleasing retrospect, turn and look back upon this tempestuous sea, upon which we were tossed, and ascribe our deliverance to the great Captain of our salvation. We shall then see that every trial and temptation was under the eye and the control of a kind and tender-hearted Father, who pities His children. Many in affliction resort to worldly remedies, give themselves up to trifling company and frivolous amusements, so as to grieve the Spirit of God. But you have not so learned Christ. No: you know into whose hands you have committed the keeping of your soul, and who has promised that none shall pluck you out of His hand. Oh, live near to Christ. Tried and tempted you may expect to be while in this vale of tears, but "yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Oh, may He complete the work of faith with power, enabling you "to rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ concerning you."

Your sympathising Friend,
WILLIAM FECKMAN.

X.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It was with heartfelt grief I learnt, on coming into town last evening, that you are seriously ill. I felt for you, as my old, long, well-tried friend, who knew my soul in adversity, and who was ever ready to rejoice with me in prosperity. I felt also for your excellent wife, for your large family, and for the Church of God; and my heart said: "My God, remove him not till he be old, and full of days; remember the important relations in which he stands, and hear the prayers of his family, of his friends, and of Thy people, and let him have many more days and rejoice in them all."

God is the Sovereign of His own ways, He can do nothing unwise or unkind, and He will make all things "work together for their good who love Him." I need not tell you of His mercy, of His love to sinners, and of His affection for His children. All these you have long and well known. Nor need I urge upon you the necessity of trusting in the Lord with your whole heart, because that with Him there is mercy, and with Him is plentiful redemption, but He ever expects to hear the voice of your

faith in the ardour of your prayers. Fear not, my brother; the Lord Jehovah is your strength; you are in His merciful and loving hands. He will turn your weakness into strength, and your pains into blessedness. You cannot believe too confidently, nor ask too much from Him, who gave His Son to die for you, and through His light has shone into your heart, "giving you the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins." What is farther necessary? The complete renewal of your heart in righteousness and true holiness. He ever stands ready to bestow His richest gifts; open your mouth wide, and the Lord will fill it. When God afflicts His own children, it is for their advantage. He Himself tells us that He afflicts that they may be made partakers of His holiness. You are safe in His hands. I trust the God of heaven, the almighty Jehovah, will spread around and underneath you "the everlasting arms," hear prayer in your behalf, spare you long, and bless you more than ever.

Yours in much sympathy,

W. FECKMAN.

XI.

A WARNING.

DEAR SIR,

I have been for some time very solicitous about your spiritual welfare; I fear the world is getting too strong a hold upon you, and that by giving yourself up to trifling, foolish company, you shall bring ruin upon both your body and soul. The Gospel enjoins upon all religious professors self-denial; it tells us: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Thousands of Christians (so called) rob God and the Church of what they justly claim, and spend more money to feed their lust and flatter vanity than they give to save a world of sinners from hell. For Christ's sake, for soul's sake, for health's sake, for religion's sake, at once and for ever abstain from all intoxicating drink, cigars, filthy snuff, and tobacco. Most churches expend five times as much on these things as they give to God's cause, and yet with glaring inconsistency pray to God to convert the world.

You may find it difficult to turn over a new leaf, but if you make the effort in the strength of grace, God will come to your help, and you

shall be able to overcome. Think not that you can succeed by breaking off those bad habits by degrees; your wisdom and your safety consist in taking a decided course, whatever it may cost you, and be assured of my prayers and best wishes.

Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM FECKMAN.

In each place often visited by Mr. Feckman, whether in village or rural district, he had a *home* to which he was ever welcome as an honoured guest, and was more to that household than if an angel had sojourned with them. Several of his letters, gushing with gratitude and benedictions to these families, are found among his papers. Two or three are given as specimens.

XII.

DEAR SIR,

May grace, righteousness, and peace be your portion, and all under your hospitable roof. The many great favours bestowed upon me during the long time I sojourned with you prompt me to make the earliest acknowledgment of my obligations to you; I can do nothing but pray for you and your dear partner, and all belonging to you. You kindly

received me for Christ's sake; may God receive you freely for His sake also. You have borne with my infirmities; may the Lord bear with yours also. You have given me a comfortable resting-place, and fed me with the richest food; may our heavenly Father grant you eternal rest with Him in His heavenly mansions, and fit you for a place at His table, and have you rank there with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. That God may bless you, my dear friends and benefactors, with all the choicest blessings of this life and of that which is to come, is the prayer of your most obliged friend and servant,

WILLIAM FECKMAN.

XIII.

DEAR FRIENDS,

May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you and your children. I know you will be glad to hear that your old friend Feckman is still alive, yes, praise God, doubly alive, body and soul. My body sometimes feels feeble, but I have "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I never felt so near heaven as at present; my union with God increases daily. It is our privilege to live in entire sanctification, yes, in Christ, in Him, to breathe, speak, work, pray, and

think. A few more struggles, and all shall be well. I shall never forget the seasons we have had together; no, praise God, all is written in heaven. Tears are all bottled up. Go on, my friends; we shall meet where tears are all wiped away, I hope; nay, I will not doubt but that after all the conflicts you have had you are more than conquerors. If we never meet on earth, we shall meet in heaven; I will never stop till I get quite through.

Farewell.

W. FECKMAN.

The annexed letter, forwarded to me by the Rev. James B. Atkins, was addressed to his mother, whose house was one of Mr. Feckman's choicest *homes*. It has the advantage of being in complete form, and shows the interest taken by the writer in the welfare of family circles.

XIV.

TO MRS. MARY ATKINS, DUNMANWAY.

LIMERICK, *February 25th*, 1827.

MY DEAR MARY,

On my arrival in Limerick from the country part of the circuit, Mrs. Holmes showed me your letter. I see by it that you still remain in a delicate state of health. The will

of our Father be done in us, and may it be done by us. My soul rejoiceth in God to find that you can delight in Christ your Saviour; look for this great and full salvation, the entire renewal of the soul in the image of God. As clay in the hands of the potter, be you in the hands of your Divine Physician. Your heavenly Father knows when and how to deliver. I am certain He loves you, and will deal with you accordingly; He careth for you, and will give abundant grace to enable you to suffer all His righteous will. He wants to prove your faith, to try your grace and patience. You are in the furnace; it is to purify your soul, to draw your affections to Himself, and to wean you from all earthly enjoyments, that your soul may be filled with the immensity of redeeming and unbounded love. He loves you, my dear child, for "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but God has promised to bring them out of all. Oh that glorious and eternal rest that remaineth for the people of God, cheering hope, animating prospect of "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," reserved in heaven for *you* and *me* and all the redeemed of the Lord. No pain or ache in that celestial kingdom.

"There we shall bathe our weary souls
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across our peaceful breast."

I have been very poorly in health for some time; a great cold has fallen on my lungs; I have a severe cough, and spitting of blood. I was compelled to blister, and fear it may be some time before I am recovered. If my Lord and Master is about to call me home, glory, glory be to His eternal name, I can say: "Thy will be done." I love Him with my entire soul, feel His Divine presence with me, and there is continual intercourse between God and my soul. There is no doubt on my mind of being with Christ and beholding His face in glory.

The Lord has, in a most wonderful manner, poured out His Spirit on this circuit. Some Sundays fifteen will join the Society, most of whom give clear and satisfactory evidence of their acceptance with God. I met thirty-eight in class last Sunday, all of whom had found peace except six. Nearly one hundred have been added to the Society in three places. There is no meeting that sinners are not pardoned. People come five miles, and I know some that come ten miles seeking pardon. I

never beheld such a work in all my life. They cannot be sent away. Glory to God for this His own work. The young, the old, and the middle-aged, are led to give their hearts to God.

I received a letter from the preacher on the Cloughjordan circuit; he mentions that the work is still increasing there. He strongly urges me to visit them again. You mentioned in part of your letter to Mrs. Holmes to use her influence with me to go to Dunmanway. My dear child, I long to see you, but not hearing from you, I concluded that you were perfectly recovered. Mr. Deery [Messrs. Deery and Massaroon were the ministers on the circuit] is going to the north for a fortnight. After his return I shall go to see you, and spend a few days with you. Nothing but a desire to see you could induce me to leave this work of the Lord.

What is dear John doing for Heaven? has he left Egypt, and set out for Canaan, that celestial land?

Does dear Rebecca hold on? is she "rooted and grounded in that love which passeth knowledge," and "pressing forward to the mark for the prize of her high calling of God in Christ Jesus"? Give my love to Fanny; is she all

holiness in the Lord? May she be a wise virgin in the Lord. Give my love to Mrs. and Bessy Atkins; tell them I do not forget them before the throne of My Father and God. Mrs. Henry Atkins and family are going to a strange land; may Jacob's God accompany them wherever they go. Tell her never to rest until she is, like the King's daughter, all glorious within. What of Mary Beamish? is she so filled with the love of Jesus that she forgets that there is a poor pilgrim such as I am? Let her know that I mention her and all the Lake Mount family before the throne. My sincere love and respect to Samuel Jagoe, little Sam, and Martha. I hope to hear that Catherine Jagoe is rejoicing in God, and filled with His love. Dear Mrs. Holmes sends her love to her dear Mary. What would I do here only for her? She does everything for me; God reward her in soul and body. And now I must conclude, wishing you all the comforts God can give you through Christ Jesus our Lord.

Your most affectionate Friend,

WILLIAM FECKMAN.

Mr. Feckman's interest in the young was very great, and was displayed not only in getting them together and addressing them, but in seeing that

care should be taken of young converts after a revival had taken place, and from which he had to remove. The following letter is evidence of this concern for them.

XV.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

A revival of God's work should be a reason for those who have taken part in promoting it to be very solicitous that there be no declensions, as often there are. The Holy and good Spirit is not only able, but willing, to lead all who have decided for Christ into the land of uprightness; but the Church has its own duty, and the treatment of young converts, especially such as are young in years, requires great wisdom and watchfulness. In order to prevent any of them from falling away, you and all concerned in the work will need to see that they meet with some leader who is a real friend to the work. You must carefully watch the time when there is a decrease of that exceeding great joy which they first experienced, for they are liable to fall into various and strong temptations, and Satan will exert all his power and skill to shake their confidence. Prevail upon them also to meet in band, with one who will prove

a nursing father or mother to them. By these means they will get established in the grace received, especially if their leader is a friend to holiness. And as soon as they have the least sensibility of the evil yet remaining in their hearts, point them directly to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness. It is your bounden duty to show young converts, before their zeal and first love are abated, that full sanctification is attained by faith, and that they are to seek and expect it now. This expectation, if rightly cherished, will not only conduce to preserve them in that state of acceptance wherein they were at first brought, but greatly help them to increase in it. No season can be more proper for attaining pure love than when the soul is full of pardoning love; nor do any make so swift progress in holiness as those who have never fallen into doubts and evil reasoning, which too many feel when they lose their first love. It is easier to aid persons, by the blessing of God, to growth in grace than to use efforts for the recovery of backsliders. Earnestly and affectionately urge all who are engaged in the work to be patient under opposition, fervent in zeal, and persevering in their duty, so shall they see more and more fruit of their labour

in the Lord. Wishing all success in your work and comfort in your soul,

Your affectionate Friend and Brother,

W. FECKMAN.

As having been instrumental in the conversion of many, and in promoting revivals, there are, as might be expected, *pastorals* among his papers. One, addressed to the Society at Ballineen, which was a favourite spot with him, is here inserted.

To all who fear and love God in and about Ballineen: grace and peace, power and love, joy and triumph in Christ, be multiplied to you through the blood of the Lamb, through the word that testifies of that blood, and through the Spirit who makes the application.

Oh the comfort of cleaving to Christ by faith, of thus finding that Christ is our all! In that centre of life let us all meet, and death itself shall not separate us. For Christ, who is our Life and the Resurrection, will bring us back from the grave to worship Him altogether, where there shall be no sickness, nor death, nor any parting. This comes with my best wishes for you, praying that your hearts and mine may be daily more replenished by the Holy Spirit. The indwelling of this Comforter is the

highest blessing of the Christian covenant on earth; let us look for it, so shall we live and die in the faith, going on from strength to strength and from comfort to comfort till Christ is all in all to us all. May there not be found one Demas among you, turning aside from the little flock and the narrow way to love and follow this present perishing world. May there not be one Esau, who for a frivolous gratification sold his birthright; nor another wife of Lot, who looked back to what her heart was set upon in the city of destruction, and was punished by a judgment almost as severe as that of Ananias, Sapphira, and Judas. My dear companions, let us be consistent; let us seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things (upon your diligent and frugal efforts) shall be added unto you. Let us live daily more and more upon the pure love of our gracious Creator and Preserver, the grace and righteousness of our atoning Redeemer and Mediator; nor let us stop short of the powerful and joyous influence of our Comforter and Sanctifier. Bear me upon your hearts, as I do you upon mine, and meet we all in the heart of Christ, who is our common Head, humbly leaving it to Him when and where we shall meet again. In the

meanwhile, I beg you will pay a due regard to the following texts: "Love one another, as I have loved you"; "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another"; "Little children, love not the world"; "Be of one accord, of one mind"; "Let there be no divisions among you"; "Mind not high things," but things which make for peace and edification. I hope God, in His mercy, will spare me to see you again in the flesh, and if I cannot labour with you, I shall gladly suffer with you. If you will put health into my flesh, and joy into my heart, and life into my whole frame, "be of one heart and one soul, striving together for the faith of the Gospel." I wait at the side of the Jordan till such of my children in Christ pass over whom the Lord may choose should arrive at the promised land before me, and when His appointed time comes, I trust through the abundant grace of my great Redeemer, and being made meet for the heavenly inheritance by the mighty working of the Holy Spirit, I shall be conducted into the paradise of God. I charge you to meet me there, and may there "not be a hoof left behind."

Yours ever in the bonds of the Gospel,

WILLIAM FECKMAN.

The memory of this venerable man is, after the lapse of many years, greatly cherished at Ballineen, as may be learned from a letter just received from a friend there, Mrs. Hosford, of Fir Grove, whose father, the late Mr. Fuller, was among those brought to God on the occasion of Mr. Feckman's visit. She remarks: "I often heard my father say that the Protestant young men of the village were a wild lot, that often they would be found bowling on a Sunday morning before entering the church, but when Mr. Feckman came there was a wonderful change as the result of his visit. It was he that got our chapel built. He had all our names on a pocket tablet with many others, for whom he prayed in private. He was in the habit of rising very early, and spending hours in prayer. When meeting persons going into the chapel he had a word for each one, such as 'Are you bound for the kingdom?' 'Let no man take your crown.' He wore a circular cape over his coat in cold weather. I used often to put it on him; he would say to me: 'May the Lord throw His mantle of love over you.' I remember his taking me when a child on his knee, and telling me about heaven and hell. We still have a tumbler out of which he used to drink when at dinner with us, which we call after him. Portions of Scripture, among them the thirty-fourth Psalm, Matt. viii., Luke xiii., which were favourites, we associate with his memory. Many a prayer he has offered up in this house; he would

pray that salvation might be written on the walls of this house, that the Prince of peace would be a constant Visitor here, that the Lord would fill the whole capacity of our souls with His love, that we might be blessed in our basket and our store, and that our barns might never be empty of the temporal blessings of life. I firmly believe that God has heard and answered his prayers on behalf of every one of us. He often said to mother: 'I will be watching out for you over the battlements of heaven.'"

The following testimonies to Mr. Feckman's personal piety and usefulness and the great esteem in which he was held are selected from a considerable number which are in my possession. It is also a gratification to me thus to embalm the memory, in association with the subject of this memoir, of several well-remembered and beloved ministers of Irish Methodism.

First, Rev. George Grant, a man of high principle, and possessed richly of qualifications for usefulness. After eleven years of faithful and eminently fruitful work, he was forced, owing to the failure of his health, to retire. He obtained a good secular position, but a yearning for the labours to which he felt himself called led him at considerable sacrifice again to return to it. Obviously he overrated his strength, and was not long till he had again to yield, and soon was separated from his beloved employment by the hand of death.

The following letter was addressed to Mr. Feckman shortly after his appointment to Limerick on his return in 1854 :—

"My Very Dear Friend,—

"When Anne and I were about returning to Ireland, one of our chief subjects of consideration was the pleasure of once again seeing Mr. Feckman and the hope that you might be a blessing to our children. We unfeignedly rejoice that God has so long spared your valuable life, and that we, as well as others, may still be encouraged and helped by your prayers, counsels, and example. I am sure you do not forget us, and you may be sure that while we live, my dear Anne and I will look on you as a father beloved and revered by us.

"My chief object in writing this is to convey the affectionate request of Anne and George Grant, that you will as soon as convenient after receipt of this come and pay us a visit. We are more anxious to see you than I can tell you. The friends on this circuit are most desirous to see you; although it is so long since you have been here, there is no person whose presence would occasion so much gladness. Some of your spiritual children are still alive, and are ready to welcome you with open arms, and in the wish for a visit from you, my superintendent, the Rev. William Cather, heartily participates. On the country parts of the circuit we hope a gracious work has com-

menced among the young, and everything appears ripe for a visit from you. When I was on my first circuit" (Skibbereen) "the service you kindly rendered me has never been forgotten, and makes me long for a renewal of similar assistance, now that I am beginning again to engage in those labours which I love so much. My sister-in-law Sally Moffet is with us at present; she unites with Anne and me in very affectionate remembrance and love to you, and prayers that your last days may be cheered by the abundant blessings of 'the upper springs and the nether springs.'

"Believe me, my dear Friend,

"Your affectionate Brother,

"GEORGE GRANT."

The Rev. John Saul, D.D., in a letter to the writer, dated February, 1867, says: "In 1832-3, when engaged in building the present Skibbereen Chapel, my places were often supplied by the good and devoted Mr. Feckman, and it was a source of joy and delight with me to have him at our services either in town or country. Indeed, he appeared ever to live in constant intercourse with Heaven. I think I never met any one more dead to the world and whose 'life was so hid with Christ in God.'

"In 1833-4 he kindly paid us a visit of some months in Tralee and County Kerry, where he was most highly respected and valued. In our own little

family he found a resting place, as his Master found at Bethany. With me he frequently travelled the wild and mountain districts of Kerry, and although the fatigue and toil were often distressing, yet the fruit even then appeared, and our hearts rejoiced in God."

The following is an extract of a letter addressed to Mr. Feckman by the late Rev. Thomas Beamish, who for a considerable number of years was in the Methodist ministry and much respected, but his health failing, and while on the supernumerary list, he took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and obtained a parish in England. It is but just to his memory to state that he never lost his regard for Methodism.

The letter is dated from Bandon, his birthplace, and the home of his family, written 1st June, 1855.

"My Very Dear Mr. Feckman,—

"I take up my pen to thank you for your very great attention to my dear father during your late visit to this town. Thank God, I observe a very delightful change in his mind. He is now determined to think of nothing but of his spiritual and eternal interests; he has dismissed every other concern from his thoughts. You have heard, I suppose, of the cause of my present visit—the death of my dear sister Mrs. Saul. It was a sudden stroke; she died at Lisburn, and has been interred

here. But, thank God, we have the richest source of consolation. I believe to her 'to live was Christ, and to die was gain.' I feel I have unspeakable cause of thankfulness with reference to all the members of our family who have departed this life: three sisters, a brother, and a much-loved mother. You have known them; I have no doubt of the happiness of any one of them. Praying that the choicest blessings of Heaven may be yours, and that your last days may be happiest, most useful, and best."

I have been favoured by Dr. Starkey, of Rathmines, with some extracts from the journal of his father, the Rev. William Starkey, a devoted, useful, and greatly beloved minister, who had but a brief career.

"September 6th, 1830. Met Mr. Feckman at Cloughjordan. He is never ceasing in endeavouring to do good. He never passes over an opportunity of speaking to persons concerning their souls. He preached in the evening; I was quickened and edified.

"October 17th. Walked with Mr. Feckman, and a young man from Nenagh to Mr. Kent's; feel ashamed in the company of that man of God. I preached, and he afterwards exhorted, and conducted what he called a fellowship meeting.

"October 23rd. Spent last week in company with Mr. Feckman; have been stirred up to greater

exertion to do good, but want a closer walk with God."

There are still grateful recollections throughout the Cloughjordan circuit of Mr. Feckman and his labours. Springpark, in the neighbourhood of Borriskane, appears to have been a favourite resort with him. The Armitage family is often mentioned in memoranda among his papers. The same good report of him I have often heard expressed by both preachers and people connected with the several circuits comprised within the Limerick district.

His principal sphere of labour, as already stated, was on those circuits in the west of the county Cork, extending over a vast district of country, from Bandon on the one side to Skibbereen and as far as to Crookhaven, and on the other to Bantry and on to Berehaven Mines. A host of evidence with respect to his character and work, earlier and later than that already given by Mr. Powell, might be recorded. The Rev. J. B. Gillman, whose acquaintance with Mr. Feckman began in 1819 and continued until within a short time before his death, says: "My estimation of him first and last, and now, has been and is that he was one of the holiest, most self-denying, zealous, active, and useful servants of Christ I ever saw. He was as humble as he was energetic, as prudent, modest, and retiring as he was bold and unflinching in the declaration of the truth and the performance of duty. Self was sacrificed, and too

much he could not do or suffer in his esteem for the glory of his Lord and the salvation of souls." Remarks of a similar kind have been made to me by Revs. Oliver McCutcheon, John Gilchrist, and C. H. Crookshank, M.A., who have known much of the man and of his usefulness, and by other ministers, who have but recently filled appointments on the Skibbereen circuit, among whom might be named Revs. William Sproule and J. C. Lamont; one of these says: "Mr. Feckman did a grand work in West Cork." Rev. Richard Cole, who is a native of that part of the county Cork, communicates: "I remember Mr. Feckman very well; so far as I know, he was the first Methodist preacher I ever heard. On that occasion he preached in the old chapel at Durrus. I forget his text, but his peculiar manner of stroking down his snow-white hair, and his face covered with tears, greatly impressed me. One of the hymns he gave out, commencing with 'Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,' powerfully impressed my mind, and was the subject of conversation with my mother on the way home from the meeting. I have never since had any doubt but the effect then produced had something to do with my conversion three or four years afterwards. His memory is still green around, and between Bantry and Schull. Scores who through that country were converted through his earnest labours or devoted life went in the famine years to America, and helped to

plant or support Methodism in the Western States of the Union, or in the wilds of Canada. I may add that I am under the impression that my father and four or five of my uncles were converted through his instrumentality."

It would be easy to multiply testimonials such as I have furnished, but it is not necessary. I shall only add the substance of two, received from well-known and much-respected office-bearers of the Skibbereen circuit. The first is from my old friend Mr. John Whitley, of Schull, who is among the few now living who remember Mr. Feckman on his first introduction to West Cork. He remarks: "For many years he confined his labours for the most part to the large district of country included in the Skibbereen circuit. He visited from house to house, making it a matter of conscience to appeal on the subject of personal religion to each member of the family. Then followed the meeting at the house where he lodged for the night. He seldom delivered anything like a regular sermon, but exhorted with great earnestness and power. Hundreds of humble Protestants heard the message of salvation from his lips. He was a very holy man; he spent much time in communion with God; hence his power with men. On several occasions while visiting for some weeks at Schull he was in the habit every day of spending much of his time shut up in the old Methodist chapel."

Mr. S. W. Levis, of Skibbereen, whose house

was one of Mr. Feckman's favourite *homes*, says: "I remember when he used to visit the town, the first thing he did was to go round and call upon the people, and if he found any who had fallen away, he would rouse them out to the prayer meeting that very night. I remember the piercing glance of his eyes as he would look one full in the face of whose piety he had any doubt, and the significant shake of his head. Sometimes in passing along the side of the street he would tap at a window to attract the notice of one inside, and then shake his head; the sign was well understood to mean 'Live near to God' or 'Watch and pray.' I remember his rising long before day on cold winter mornings to pray, and reading the Scriptures by the light of a candle."

THE CLOSING SCENE.

THIS occurred at the house of Mr. Samuel Jagoe, of Drimoleague, the "little Sam" mentioned in Letter XIV. He was one of the many brought to God through the instrumentality of Mr. Feckman, and I feel sure that I shall be borne out by ministers stationed on the Skibbereen circuit for many years past that few of his spiritual children, if any, followed his example with such diligence and zeal in trying to win souls for Christ. The writer knew him as a kind host, an affectionate friend, a faithful class leader, and an earnest and able local preacher, and has mournful pleasure in placing this garland upon his grave, for he too has joined the Church triumphant.

The following brief and touching account of Mr. Feckman's last illness and death was communicated to me immediately after by Miss Jagoe (now Mrs. Donovan), the esteemed daughter of the above-mentioned. Her father being ailing at the time, and her mother in a delicate state of health, it

devolved upon her to minister to this honoured servant of God in the last few days of his earthly pilgrimage. She says: "The last meeting he took part in was on Friday evening, the 28th of December. He spoke of holiness in the most affectionate manner. The following Sunday his illness commenced. On Monday the doctor was called in to see him. On Wednesday he inquired of the doctor his opinion of the attack, and received for answer that it was of a very serious nature. He received the information in silence, and remained so until the following evening. When mother was at his bedside he got animated, and said, though suffering much pain, that he felt very happy. He broke out into quite a triumphant strain, saying that he was going home in spite of the devil, and added with great emphasis several times: 'All is well. Glory be to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen,' and immediately after exclaimed: 'Oh! to grace how great a debtor.' On Friday, though suffering much pain, he was very happy, and said he knew that when his earthly tabernacle would be dissolved, he had 'a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' That night he reached his hand to mother, saying:

"'Here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.'

On Saturday he frequently repeated

"'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,'

and

"'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.'

That night when the servant maid and I were giving him a drink he turned to her and said, in a very impressive manner: 'Jesus died for you, He gave His body to be crucified and wore a crown of thorns, He gave His heart's blood for you; God loves you, and you ought to get His love into your heart. I am on a dying bed; remember that some time you must be there too.' He then said to me: 'I'll come to meet you, and say: "Welcome, Eliza, from earth to heaven."' On Sunday his sufferings became very severe. That morning I said to him: 'We are going to have the meeting downstairs just now.' He replied: 'Many a meeting I have been at.' He spent the day bearing pain patiently, and at intervals exclaiming: 'Glory be to God on high,' and

"'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.'

"On Monday morning it was evident his end was approaching; he was very weak, kept his eyes closed, but was conscious. One of his last utterances was:

'I shall soon be home, thank God.' He departed this life on Monday, January 7th, 1867."

His remains were interred in Drimoleague churchyard, between the graves of two of his most devoted friends, Mrs. Jagoe and Mrs. Burrows. I had the melancholy privilege of officiating on that occasion, and on the following Sabbath of preaching his funeral sermon in Skibbereen Methodist Chapel, to a sympathetic and deeply sorrowful congregation, on an appropriate text (2 Tim. iv. 6-8).

Some friends who cherish precious memories of his character and labours have placed a memorial over his grave.* It is sarcophagus in shape; it was designed and the work superintended by Mr. John Atkins, of Dunmanway. On one side it bears the inscription—

"TO THE MEMORY

OF WILLIAM FECKMAN,

WHO DIED 7TH JANUARY, 1867,

AGED 88 YEARS.

Acts xvi. 31."

on the other—

"HE WAS VERY USEFUL IN LEADING

SINNERS TO THE SAVIOUR."

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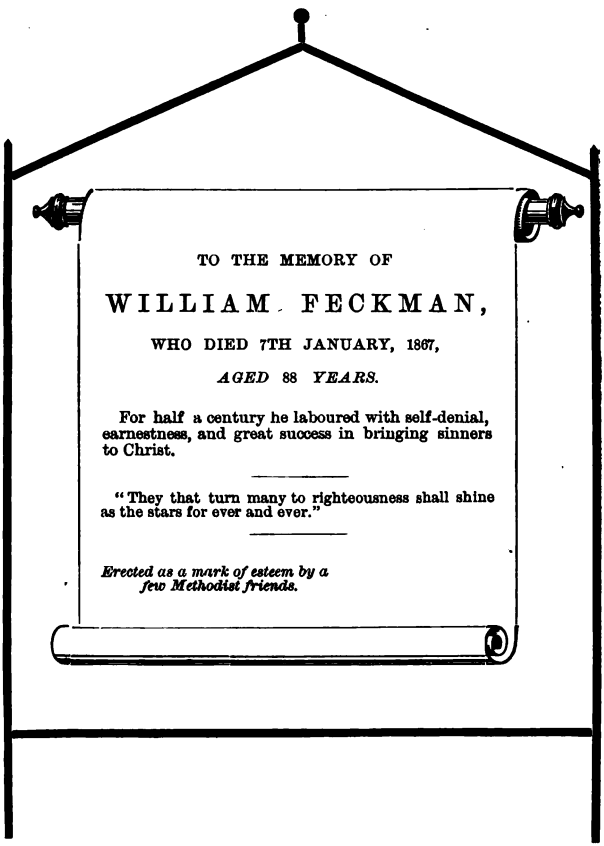
* See the *Irish Christian Advocate*, September 5th, 1884.

On a plain marble tablet in the Methodist Chapel, Skibbereen, may be seen the following inscription descriptive of the man:—



TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM FECKMAN,

WHO DIED 7TH JANUARY, 1867,

AGED 88 *YEARS.*

For half a century he laboured with self-denial, earnestness, and great success in bringing sinners to Christ.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Erected as a mark of esteem by a few Methodist friends.

NOTE FOR THE END OF THE VOLUME.

At pages 10 and 11, there is reference to the conversion of Captain Hawtrey. It had not been ascertained when or where or through whose instrumentality it took place. Since that was written I have had a communication from the venerable Rev. R. T. Tracey, of whom I have a grateful recollection as my first superintendent, and who is now in the sixty-seventh year of his ministry. He says: "Captain Hawtrey I was acquainted with, and had his history from his own lips; he was quartered here" (Limerick) "with his regiment" (25th) "in the Castle Barracks. He left the Barrack, one Sunday afternoon, for a ramble with another officer. When they came to Bank Place, the Rev. Samuel Wood was standing on the Bank steps and preaching to a considerable crowd. They stopped, and struck by the eloquence of Mr. Wood, Hawtrey became interested, and although he was wanted to leave by the other officer, remained till the close of the service, and then went home, *thinking* and *praying*. His conversion soon followed."

Rev. Samuel Wood was stationed in Limerick in 1804 and 1805.

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